The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1909.

The Week.

There have been many complaints recently that the "Nation" comes late in the mails. In most places within 250 miles of New York it should be delivered not later than Thursday noon. The publisher wishes to be notified of delays in order that he may take the matter up promptly with the postal authorities.

For the successful ending of our fleet's spectacular cruise around the world, every American will give thanks. An undertaking of this kind involves so many possibilities of accident that the absence of serious mishap reflects great credit alike upon officers and men. That there had been moments of danger appeared at the recent court-martial in Gibraltar, when there was testimony that the accused officer had repeatedly shown coolness and skill "in critical situations." As a whole, the conduct of the men has been excellent. The only really grave lapses have been due to the navy's old enemy, intoxication, and these have been summarily punished. With the whole performance the country has, therefore, every reason to be satisfied. So far as the political effects of the cruise are concerned, there is even greater cause for gratification. The *Nation* was one of the journals which looked upon the venture as ill-timed and rather hazardous, in view of the anti-Japanese agitation by demagogues on the Pacific Coast. Furthermore, it must not be forgotten that the foreign press regarded the cruise as a direct menace to Japan. Some of our own newspapers gayly announced that the mere prospect of the voyage had completely silenced the "hectoring Japanese." But the most significant single event of the entire cruise was Japan's invitation to the fleet to visit Japanese waters. This simple act of courtesy and friendliness took overnight from the fleet's voyage all appearance of hostility, and proved for all time how inferior the most powerful battleships are to the conquering influences of international kindliness and good-will. Furthermore, William H. Taft added greatly to the cordiality of this display of amity by his admirable address at Tokio, in which he emphatically declared that war between the United States and Japan would be a "crime against civilization," and its mere discussion an "infamous suggestion"—words that promise from March 4 on a cessation of at least one of the alarums of war which have vexed us so steadily these last four years.

As to the navy, we cannot feel that it has gained much from the cruise. Its officers have navigated fleets before, not in quite such dangerous waters, perhaps, or with quite so many big ships in line. But, with all deference to the contrary views of Rear-Admiral Mahan, the best professional opinion is that fourteen months have been lost for the drilling of the fleet—longer, in fact, because *preparations* for the cruise and repairs now to be made will take out another six months. It has been a cruise of the line ships without, however, those accompanying vessels, such as destroyers, scouts, and fast cruisers, which are necessary if there is to be a real simulation of war conditions. But those naval officers who see in the cruise only a waste of time and effort, like those persons who lament the enormous cost, will be little heard to-day. As Senator Hale and Senator Tillman put it, the country has gone navy-mad, and for the moment is bound as unduly to exalt the voyage as it did the battle of Manila Bay.

The passage by the Senate of the naval bill, with its enormous appropriation of $137,000,000, now throws that measure into the hands of a conference committee. We wish that this sum, voted in the face of a Treasury deficit which bids fair to be slightly larger than the naval appropriation itself, might be reduced in committee; but of this there is no prospect, particularly as the return of the battleship fleet and the shouting over it coincide with the discussions in conference. About $137,000,000 will finally be settled upon, or $15,000,000 more than last year, and no less than $121,000,000 more than twenty-five years ago, 1884. In 1885 we devoted $9,242,496.82 to the navy—yet no nation insulted us, ravaged our shores, or carried off our women and children. Even in 1898 the amount was $32,574,082.43. If the next year, with its aftermath of war, took us over the hundred-million mark, we none the less spent only $55,623,422.30 as late as 1901. In the eight years of peace, therefore, during the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt, we have increased our naval expenditures nearly two and one-half times. But the waste is not to stop here—even though industry is still prostrate everywhere, and the Treasury surplus shrinks ominously. We are not to retrench in this item if times are bad, for Senator Hale, the chairman of the Senate committee, solemnly assures us that next year the bill for the fleet will be $160,000,000, and in 1911 not less than $200,000,000. If an armed enemy were at our doors, we could hardly do more. Moreover, the army authorities, who have spent hundreds of millions on coast defences, inform us that our coasts are impregnable to battleship attack—if any fleet, save the British, could venture hostilities so many thousand miles from its base. In view of these figures, the American nation, so mighty in its extent, its resources, and, above all, its moral power, seems suddenly to have turned coward. We are apparently too frightened or too captivated by the notion of a big navy to mark well Senator Hale's words of warning: "This means that it will soon be the unescapable duty of Congress either to borrow money or greatly to increase the taxes."

As the naval bill now stands, the marines will be restored by vote of Congress to the battleships from which they were withdrawn by Presidential order. This action we cannot but regard as unwise, because the most progressive officers favor removal of the marines. As we have heretofore pointed out, the marines are employed only on battleships with English, American, or Dutch crews. Everywhere else there are regiments of marine light infantry affiliated with the navy, for use in oversea expeditions, in landing parties, and in garrisoning navy yards and stations. On battleships marines are in many respects anomalous, because, under modern conditions, the bluejackets can po-

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lice their own craft quite as well as the marines. The trouble is, however, that everything Mr. Roosevelt now urges, no matter how desirable, is suspect in the eyes of Congress.

We do not think that any one can successfully controvert the arguments advanced at the Indianapolis convention in favor of a permanent tariff commission. If we must have a tariff, let us at least be semi-scientific. At present, the whole subject is thrown into the hands of a small committee, which drafts a bill in private in the course of a few months, though in any other country the statute would be written by experts after years of study. This method gives the beneficiaries of the special privileges the best possible opportunities to get not only their feet, but their bodies, into the trough. When the bill is passing through Congress there are further opportunities for helping those pitifully needy American industries, like the Steel Trust, that cannot live without government pap. It is, therefore, refreshing to have an avowed protectionist like J. W. Van Cleave, president of the National Manufacturers' Association, denounce the present tariff-making machinery because the Ways and Means Committee is a partisan body, lacks scientific knowledge and the requisite time to readjust schedules, and is, finally, as Mr. Van Cleave said, compelled to consult selfish persons whose views of their own industry are wholly biassed—he might have added, by their desire to get what they can out of Congress for their own pockets. But this is the very reason why there should not be any protective tariffs. Selfishness and sordid bargaining are the primal forces behind each schedule. And they make it probable that the efforts to obtain a tariff-making commission or a merely advisory body will fail. The tariff is in politics because it was conceived in politics, nourished by politics, and reared by politics. It will stay in politics because it is the best asset the Republican party has had. It wins victories by the sale of favors. The only way the tariff can be taken out of politics is by a general realization that it spells corruption.

In his letter to Senator Hale discussing the Hemenway report on the secret service, the President is more vehement than convincing. He asserts a set of facts different from those set up in the reports of the committees in Congress, while his denials and theirs do not relate to the same thing. In a word, issue is not clearly joined between the two parties to the dispute. "Not one case," affirms Congress, "in which the detective work of the government has been hampered by our restrictions on the use of the secret service, has appeared on inquiry. The heads of all the departments have admitted that we have provided them men enough and money enough for this kind of work." "Yes," rejoins the President, "but if the restriction had been put in force before the Department of Justice had organized its own secret service, criminals would have escaped detection and prosecution." Obviously, this sort of recrimination could be kept up forever. As for the figures of the number of detectives employed by the government, and the money paid out on that score, so much depends upon the definition, shading off a detective from a mere inspector, that the controversy is barren. Before deciding in our haste that all men are liars, it is well to know whether they understand what they are talking about.

Indictments of the New York *World* for criminal libel would have caused no great excitement if the case had not been treated in so excitable a fashion by the President. He vehemently asserted that the *World* had committed "a libel upon the United States government." The Grand Jury, however, found indictments for libel only of specified persons. Mr. Roosevelt's violent attack upon the newspaper has enabled it to assume the air of a victim of political persecution, and to take the heroic pose of a champion of the freedom of the press. But for all this extraneous Presidential fury, it is not probable that the *World* would have found much sympathy. It has admitted that it was not able to justify its assertions, or insinuations, against C. P. Taft and Douglas Robinson; and W. N. Cromwell now states that the *World* had direct and explicit notice from him, before the stories were published, that they were the concoction of blackmailers and were false in every respect. A newspaper that coolly "takes the chances" of that kind of freedom of the press cannot complain if the law has something to say about it.

It is clear that the first effect of Gov. Hughes's speech giving, as he had not given before, the details of his plan for direct nominations, has been to confuse people's minds. Some of his supporters are left in doubt; his enemies appear to waver. But whatever else may be said of his plan for primaries, this must be said: it is the conception of an honest and independent man, logically developed after much study and thought. For our part, we frankly state that we are not wholly satisfied with the Governor's proposals. They seem to us to multiply political machinery rather unhappily. We should have better liked the application of the principle of the direct primary, pure and simple. As for giving first place on the primary ballot to the nominees of the party committees, or organization, we should have preferred to see them take their chances with all other nominations, in alphabetical order; but this does not seem a vital matter. It is purely a question of numerical order. No designation of "regular" or otherwise is to be allowed with the names. All the committees—district, county, State—he would have elected in an open, legalized, and direct primary. The nominations of these committees are, in turn, to be submitted to the verdict of the voters. It is a kind of informal referendum within the party. The thing is not the entire novelty it seems. In Prof. C. E. Merriam's recent book, "Primary Elections," he refers to a scheme of this kind, and, as it is worth while to note, intimates that the tendency is towards such a system:

> In many cases the direct primary is likely to take the form of a referendum, or a list of candidates proposed by the party managers. The leaders will present a candidate for each office, and the verdict of the party voters will indicate the degree of their confidence in the organization officials. Such a plan was presented to members of the Republican Committee of Cook County in 1902 by Professor Judson of the University of Chicago, but was not adopted. A similar plan was advocated by Dr. Robert H. Whitten in the same year. Although comparatively little attention was given to these proposals at the time, the course of recent events indicates that a system much like this is likely to develop out of the direct primary.

Conceding that the new plan has weaknesses, we must grant also that it

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is at least a great improvement over the present method. The Governor does not mince words, or exceed the facts, in describing the convention system as broken down and discredited. To vitalize party management, and to make it truly representative, by compelling it to draw its power from the direct vote of the party membership, cannot fail to replace, for a time at any rate, many tools and puppets, with real men. And the power of actually making nominations by open vote of all enrolled members, instead of by secret bargaining—the man seeking the boss, as Gov. Hughes puts it—is highly valuable. Even if left in disuse, ordinarily, it could be caught up as an effective weapon in times of crisis. It is undeniable, then, that the Governor has proposed a substantial improvement in party management, even if it be not so far-reaching as might have been hoped. We ought, indeed, to make our political machinery as good as possible, but we ought never to forget that our salvation cometh not of machinery. Professional politicians, who work at the trade all the year round, will make themselves, in the end, masters of any party machinery that may be devised. They can doubtless use and flourish under direct nominations, just as they annexed the convention system, and made it malleable to their purposes. The ultimate remedy lies elsewhere. As Gov. Hughes clearly pointed out in his Brooklyn speech, the true escape from mismanaged parties is to be found in the existence of a growing body of independent citizens, who, by the right of nomination by petition, and by means of a secret ballot safeguarded by law, can put the better man in the majority, regardless of party.

From the Journals of the Continental Congress and the Federal Constitution to the 128 enormous volumes of the War of the Rebellion and the still flowing stream of Philippine reports, the government has been active in compiling the record of our own deeds. Yet several of our leading historical writers, working for the Committee on Department Methods, recently undertook to measure the gaps in the American historical record, due to the failure of the government or historical societies to have accessible documents reprinted. The results of the survey are amazing. Scarcely any of the commissions, warrants, and instructions issued by the British government to its pre-revolutionary colonies are in type, either here or abroad. Not one-tenth of the correspondence of the British Secretaries of State with colonial officers has been published. The letters of John Adams, Marshall, Bayard, and the Federal Pinckneys—invaluable in studying the major wing of the Federalist party—have been even more neglected. The Library of Congress has practically all Jackson's letters, most of Van Buren's, and many of Webster's, Polk's, Davis's, and other statesmen's known only to the occasional archive-grubber—and then imperfectly. Political and constitutional records for the Civil War period simply do not exist in any coherent form. An unofficial compilation was once made, but, in addition to being hopelessly defective, it is now out of print; and yet it is "practically the only collection that can be depended upon for the documentary history of so important a policy as that of emancipation and abolition." War and politics have ever been the historian's favorite themes; but, if these have been treated so shabbily, we must expect utter indifference toward the even more significant annals of commerce, industry, and finance. Statistics there are in limitless quantities, and moderately accurate, too; but the unabridged official story of the tariff, currency legislation, internal taxation, public lands, and many other vital economic and social matters has not been accessible.

True, colleges and similar agencies have lately assumed several large contracts: one scholar is said to be collecting, on his own venture, all the British statutes relating to America; the American Antiquarian Society is publishing royal proclamations of the colonial and revolutionary periods; and the Carnegie Institution is doing the same with the American proceedings and debates in Parliament. But it is out of the question to leave more than a few of the hundreds of documents to unofficial compilers. No, there are lost and secret chapters in our national biography simply because the writing of the latter has been left to chance or whim. A more rational scheme is necessary. In recommending, therefore, the creation of a permanent commission on national historical publications, the distinguished historians advising the Committee on Department Methods favor an obvious plan for which there is an excellent precedent. Such a commission was instituted six years ago by the Queen of the Netherlands, and the directive work it has already accomplished amply proves its usefulness. The *lacunæ* in Dutch history have been marked and are being filled in.

The resignation of James Burrill Angell removes from active life an educator whose problems and his way of handling them have been unique. Thirty-eight years ago, when he took the reins at the University of Michigan, he inaugurated a policy which was destined to influence the development of American higher education profoundly. He undertook to teach rustic lawmakers that a State university should be as well equipped as any other. In educating Michigan up to his ideals, President Angell inspired the Middle West—not to mention Ezra Cornell—and, through the example of his own success, brought to flower a dozen great schools. The man with this programme had to be more of a missionary and diplomat than a pedagogical theorist—and, to the good fortune of the country, he was. In handling surly, stingy legislators, in pleading with farmers, in swaying business men and county-fair audiences, President Angell was the archetype of the old-school "all-round" college president. Even more than the Harvard succession, President Angell's withdrawal discloses the scarcity of available men. The list of candidates at Cambridge was virtually limited to Harvard graduates, and to those graduates, moreover, who were pleasing to Boston. In Michigan the field is so open that even Senator Beveridge is mentioned for the post. There are no hard-and-fast traditions to break; there is no stubborn, influential body of alumni to pacify. All this creates an unusual opportunity; and yet, with all the world to choose from, where is the unusual man? Good administrators, excellent teachers, and shrewd financiers are being named, but where are the three in one?

Representative McCall's decision to leave Congress in order to accept the presidency of Dartmouth, inevitably carries with it a sense of loss to the pub-

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lic service. He has been a type of Congressman whom we can ill spare. Able, studious, conscientious, and independent, he has been one of the men in Congress whom the intelligent and moral sentiment of the country has thought of with great comfort as a fit representation of our best. Never blinded or carried away by popular hysteria, he has kept his head and freed his mind. Early an open critic of some of the harmful tendencies of the Roosevelt Administration, he has had less to say recently on such subjects, because hundreds are now found to utter what he was one of few to declare from the first. But regret at losing him from public life must not make congratulations to Dartmouth less hearty, or render us unmindful of the great opportunity which awaits Mr. McCall as the head of that college. His very selection is a tribute to the fine qualities of citizenship which he has illustrated. In honoring him, Dartmouth has honored herself, and given plain notice that she regards him as a fit product of education applied to public affairs, and as the kind of man she would wish to go on giving to the country. The accession of Mr. McCall, a layman, to a chair which clergymen have traditionally held is another sign of the times in the educational world. Inspiring personality, knowledge of men, a vigorous mind producing sane ideas, intellectual and moral leadership, all devoted to great civic needs—these are the qualities which colleges are more seeking in their direction. Dartmouth has found them in Samuel W. McCall.

The New York motor boat show, which closed this week, has afforded a fresh revelation of the usefulness of that extraordinarily beneficent invention, the gas engine. The public is generally inclined to think of it chiefly as a motive power for land automobiles. But the water automobile counts its users by the thousands, too, and is within the means of many who could not afford the cheapest motor car. For the maintenance of the motor boat involves no such expenses as tires and tubes; a chauffeur is usually unnecessary. At the price of a fine touring car, one can, moreover, buy a boat which will give comfortable sleeping accommodations for four or five. Upon such a craft, a man of slender means may spend a summer out-of-doors at astonishingly slight cost and roam our coasts and rivers at will. For the price of a fine foreign motor car, one can have an eighteen-knot boat, made of excellent woods and fitted with all luxuries. In it, the marvellous little engine which produces this high speed is tucked away in a space so small as to leave plenty of room for the owner and his guests, while the one-man crew manœuvres the craft by an automobile wheel with the ease of a child on a velocipede. From this touring car of the water down to the $200 launch is a long way, but the possibilities of pleasure in the latter are also very great. No one complains because of reckless driving on the waters, and few accidents are reported in the season when thousands of these pleasure craft swarm on our lakes and rivers and seas.

A Canadian Minister of Foreign Affairs—Prime Minister Laurier has announced his intention of adding one to his Cabinet—would satisfy local pride, arouse some anxiety among timid souls in England, and produce no very radical change in Canada's future relations either to her neighbors or to the Empire. Since the medium of communication between Washington and Ottawa will still be the British Minister, and since the Imperial veto will, of course, be retained, the innovation only means that Canada will henceforth be in a position to give her diplomatic business a greater share of preliminary attention than it receives now, and to enforce her views more directly upon the British representative at Washington. That would be gain enough if the British Foreign Office were really as indifferent to colonial interests as discontented Canadian opinion would make it out to be. Yet it is best that even such discontent should be done away with. Mr. Bryce, in his negotiations concerning Canadian waterways and the Newfoundland fisheries question, has made the consent of the colonial governments concerned necessary to the validity of the engagements he has entered into. In the settlement of the Japanese immigration question a year ago, a Canadian commissioner coöperated with the British Ambassador at Tokio. The double system is practicable, though anxious people in England may discern in it a step towards complete diplomatic independence for the colonies.

The Balkan war scare is being worked with mechanical regularity. No sooner has Bulgaria consented in principle to pay Turkey an indemnity, than Turkey's financial negotiations with Austria enter troubled waters. No sooner has Austria consented to the principle of an indemnity for Bosnia, than Bulgaria takes up a menacing attitude on the question of the exact amount to be paid. No sooner has Bulgaria been satisfied, than Austria assumes a menacing attitude on the details of *her* indemnity payments. A few weeks ago, when a supposedly violent speech by the Servian Foreign Minister made the war clouds gather in unusually heavy masses, it was reported that the Servian Minister's speech had been inspired by French bankers who wished to frighten Russia into accepting a lower price for the loan she was just about to issue. Some secret interests at least would seem to be behind the present swift succession of chills and fever in the Balkans. The latest Balkan fright has to do with Austria's supposed intention to overrun and annex Servia. Just where this precious idea started it is impossible to imagine. By all accounts, the danger of war between Servia and Austria these past months has consisted solely in the fact that Servia might get out of hand and bring on a conflict which Austria, no less than the other Powers, was most anxious to avoid. For Austria had secured what she was after, and it is notorious that the person who has got the better of a bargain is content to let things be as they are. Why, then, should Austria threaten war, now that Servia has been quiet for months and Austria's quarrel with Turkey is as good as settled? The answer given is that Austria is bound to press on to Salonica, and that she will pick up Servia on the way. The Western Powers are said to be indifferent to the possible fate of Servia. But Russia is not indifferent; Bulgaria, whose Czar is now fraternizing with his fellow-Czar, must be far from indifferent to Austria's intrusion in the Balkans; and the new Turkey, whose very life will be threatened by Austrian ambitions, cannot remain indifferent. Such a combination is already quite sufficient to make the suggested seizure of Servia by Austria seem nothing less than folly.

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OUR RECORD AT PANAMA.

We know, for we have often been told, that the country ought to feel tremendously proud of its work on the Panama Canal. We were to make the French look like children. Their vacillation, delays, and changes of plan, with the cost running far beyond estimates, were to be things of the past when the Americans took hold. This was all very glorious, and we should now feel patriotic thrills, were it not for one thing—the ugly facts. Huxley called it a tragedy of science when a fact killed a beautiful hypothesis. Chauvinistic boasting has its tragedies, too, and the cold recital of our record at Panama discloses one of them.

First, take the figures of outlay. The Spooner Act of 1902 appropriated $10,000,000 for construction, and authorized continuing appropriations, year by year, "not to exceed in the aggregate the additional sum of $135,000,000." To date, Congress has appropriated for canal purposes the sum of $170,000,000. That is to say, deducting the $50,000,000 paid for canal rights and for the canal strip, we have already expended on construction $120,000,000. In a word, all the money which was provided by the Spooner Act, and which was guaranteed to be sufficient, has now been practically expended, and the canal is one-third done. Three years ago, the minority of the board of consulting engineers, whose plans were adopted, assured Congress that the complete cost, not including sanitation and the expense of governing the Zone, would not exceed $139,705,000. On this they staked their professional reputations. Yet in January, 1908, the chairman of the Canal Commission had to admit to Congress that the total would not be less than $250,000,000, and might even be $300,000,000. That was sufficiently staggering, but now comes Mr. Taft's board of engineers with the cool estimate of $360,000,000!

To be entirely fair, we give the engineers' explanation of these enormous figures. The profession is not entirely to blame. The engineers show that the expense of actual construction, as severed from other expenses, will be "only $143,000,000" in excess of the original estimate—that is, only 100 per cent. out of the way! But they justly point out that nearly one-half of the increase was due to changes of plan, made since the beginning, and to the "higher unit cost of the different items of work." By this is meant that the employees have been given shorter hours of work and higher pay than had been calculated on. The engineers did not foresee this, but anybody who knows the waste and extravagance of government enterprises might have expected such a result. Yet whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the United States has started to build a canal which will cost four times the French estimates, and three times the sum which we were at first solemnly assured would suffice—and we shall be lucky if we get off with that. It is safe to say that if the Spooner Act had carried $360,000,000, it could not have passed Congress.

On the technical side, President Roosevelt now seeks to stop the mouths of all critics, by asserting that any one who speaks against the present plans, as re-revised and once more made absolutely perfect, really shows that he is against any canal at all. But the thing cannot be disposed of thus cavalierly. When eminent engineers radically differ, laymen will have their doubts. Mr. Roosevelt himself refused to abide by the majority report of his international committee of engineers. Why should he now think that he has discovered infallibility? Sensible men have great respect for scientific experts. To set up an unskilled opinion against theirs would be folly. But the fact which the President ignores is that highly skilled opinion is disturbed about the present plans for the canal, or is positively hostile to them. It ought to be known, for example, that the sudden sinking of the toe of the Gatun Dam, a few weeks ago, was commented upon in engineering circles in Europe as "the catastrophe" at Panama. Nor is the dam at Gatun the only feature of the project which distinguished experts look upon with concern. In the flight of locks there they see a cause of grave disquiet. Both the possibility of safe construction, at that point, and safety of operation, if constructed, have been gravely called in question. In this connection, we may recall one ghastly blunder of Mr. Roosevelt's infallible experts which was exposed before the Senate committee. The plans called for locks of a usable length of 1,000 feet, but Lindon W. Bates demonstrated that, probably because there was not room to locate three such locks at the site chosen, the engineers had really provided for locks of a usable length of only 820 feet. This was gravely passed off as "a draughtsman's error," but as one Senator asked: "If we are misled in an important matter like this, have we any security at all?"

It is, indeed, a little too absurd to try to make the canal engineers exempt from criticism. They have been their own chief critics. To write down their own condemnation of their own work, in the changes which they have successively ordered, would be to exhibit a sad record of uncertainty. They selected Bohio for the site of their great dam, but were driven to abandon it. They began to build a dam at La Boca, on the Pacific side, but afterwards carried it back to Miraflores. And just now, in this final and sacrosanct report, it is admitted that former equally sacred reports were all wrong as respects the channel and location of the breakwaters in the harbor at Colon, and a complete alteration of plan is announced, at a cost of $10,000,000. Thus do messieurs the infallibles change from year to year.

We have not a word to say against the spirit in which the work on the Isthmus has been carried on. In sanitation and administration, we have commanded the admiration of the world. Nor is there any reason to doubt the fine organization of the laborers on the spot. But the facts we have cited show how serious is the problem yet before us, to which our best wits should be invited, instead of being warned away; and how little justification we now have, after seven years, for all our preliminary boasting.

THE CONSTITUTION FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

After four months of deliberation in secret at Cape Town, the National Convention to bring about the closer union of the British colonies in South Africa concluded its labors on February 9. It thereupon authorized the publication of the Constitution drafted, of which the full text is now at hand. It is, of course, in the form of an act, to be passed by the Imperial Parliament, after the colonies shall have assented to it; but in substance it is a great charter of government for that vast stretch of splendid country which holds so much of the future in fee. Hence it may properly be called the South African Constitution.

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In general terms, the instrument follows the Australian model, which in turn was powerfully influenced by American experience. There is to be no unitary republic in South Africa. A federal government of large powers is to be erected, but the local government of the constituent provinces will continue to be nearest to the citizen in many of the relations of life, and will retain functions not unlike those of our States. There is to be a Parliament of the federation, but the power to determine the right of suffrage is to be left, under certain general safeguards, in the hands of the separate colonies as before. It is provided that "no person who is registered as a voter shall be removed from the register by reason only of any disqualification based on race or color." This does not mean indiscriminate enfranchisement of the natives, but only that, where they have been admitted to the suffrage, as in Cape Colony, it cannot be taken away from them. It is hoped, however, that in time the Cape franchise will be extended to the whole of South Africa.

With so many diverse and conflicting interests to harmonize, it was inevitable that compromise should be written plainly upon several parts of the Constitution. There was, naturally, a warm contest over the seat of the new government. Each local capital wanted it. The upshot was an agreement whereby "the seat of the government of the Union shall be at Pretoria, and the seat of the Legislature, Cape Town." On the other hand, the Supreme Court is to sit in Bloemfontein. These provisions remind one of the struggles over the location of the capitals, penitentiaries, and insane asylums, at the formation of some of our Western States. The South Africans may, at least, be glad, as *Punch* suggests, that their new government is not to be at Pretoria on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Cape Town on Tuesdays and Saturdays, and at Bloemfontein on Thursday and Sundays. More important differences were those over the basis of representation in the new Parliament. As with us, the equality of the provinces in the Senate was determined upon; each is to have eight Senators elected by the Legislatures of the colonies; and eight Senators are to be nominated by the governor-general. All Senators are to hold their seats for ten years. Of the eight nominated, it is provided that "one-half shall be selected on the ground mainly of their thorough acquaintance with the wants and wishes of the colored races." This speaks for itself. In the new Legislative Assembly, Cape Colony is to have fifty-one members; Transvaal, thirty-six, and Natal and Orange each seventeen. Strictly on the basis of population, the representation should have been: Cape Colony, fifty-eight; Transvaal, thirty-seven; Orange, fourteen; and Natal, twelve; but the larger provinces gave up eight members to the smaller. Provision is made for the increase of representation with the growth in population, but the total number of members in the lower house shall not exceed 150.

The temptation to try experiments in government-making was obviously before the delegates at Cape Town, but they have introduced few novelties. The chief innovation is the provision that "the election of members of the Legislative Assembly shall be according to the principle of proportional representation, with the single transferable vote." This seems to be an echo of recent discussions of that method of voting, and informal demonstrations of its results, in England. Another thing strange to our practice is the arrangement made to break a deadlock between the Senate and the Assembly. The Governor-General may convene them in joint sitting, when the disputed legislation may be carried by a majority of all present. This plan obviously favors the Assembly, with its larger membership, in any case where it is practically united against the Senate. The scheme is a modification of that already provided for Australia. It would be interesting to know how it has worked there.

One of the general provisions is that "both the English and Dutch languages shall be official languages of the Union, and shall be treated on a footing of equality." The adoption of such a Constitution for Dutch and English, within nine years after Dutch and English were fighting each other in a desperate and lamentable war, will be a remarkable triumph of peaceful statesmanship; and that the whole instrument should be conceived in a spirit of such large amity, with so brave and keen a look to the coming years, is a wonderful tribute to the capacity and patriotism of the men who did the work. In this, the Dutch were not behind the English. High praise has been given to Gen. Botha for his statesmanlike attitude, while the conciliatory and self-sacrificing position taken by ex-President Steyn has been such as to lead to his being called the Washington of the South African Constitution. We are ready, then, to believe that the government which is thus to be set up will be one of the finest, as it is certainly one of the most extraordinary, proofs of the British genius for administration.

MAKING SCHOLARSHIP ATTRACTIVE.

The *Yale Alumni Weekly* and the *Yale Courant* have been discussing ways and means of fixing the attention of undergraduates "on the value of success in scholarship." The trouble seems to have begun when President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton—as a bishop *in partibus infidelium*, so to speak—gave a Phi Beta Kappa address at Yale last year. "I have heard," he said, "sounded once or twice to-night, a note of apology for the intellectual side of the university"; and he added:

> You hear it at all universities. Learning is on the defensive, is actually on the defensive among college men, and they are being asked by way of concession to bring that also into the circle of their interests. Is it not time we stopped asking indulgence for learning and proclaimed its sovereignty? Is it not time we reminded the college men of this country that they have no right to any distinctive place in any community unless they can show it by intellectual achievement? that if a university is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind?

These be bitter words. They must come home to the heart of all university men. "Here at Yale," says the *Courant*, "scholarship *per se* has no social attractions, is hardly known and rarely discussed." The *Weekly* is even more severe: "Probably only a handful of the undergraduates of any one class could name their chief scholarship or prize-winner or half the philosophical-oration men." But we would not imply that Yale undergraduates are sinners above all men that dwell in our academic Jerusalem, President Wilson has found the note of apology "everywhere."

The *Alumni Weekly* has suggested an Honor Day in which the winners of prizes, scholarships, and the like shall publicly come into their own. This plan has been tried in various schools and colleges—at Harvard, for example—and

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it is all very well so far as it goes; but as the *Yale Courant* points out, it does not go very far:

> A typical American institution, with its plethora of extra-curriculum activities, its over-emphasis on popular attributes of character and physical superiority, will not be metamorphosed in a day into a scholarly college.

The *Courant* would therefore make scholarship a "social asset." Time was when the two highest men in each class at Yale were elected to a secret society; but to-day, says the *Courant*, that plan would be regarded as "absurd"; "only one fraternity, the least recognized of the five, can be said to be at all distinguished by scholarship." The *Courant*, then, wants to see accomplished students secure recognition from the fraternities; partly because the effect on the fraternities would be good; and partly because in the fraternity the man who is often regarded as a bore and a grind would be developed socially, would acquire *savoir-vivre*, and would become "a good fellow at the end." This sounds attractive. At Amherst, some years ago (perhaps the custom has continued to the present time), the societies used to compete for the leading scholars of each class, with happy results for all concerned. But it is hard to see how under existing conditions at Yale and Harvard, for example, the societies can be persuaded to take any vital interest in scholarship.

The colleges reflect the tone of the community—a community which has been growing rich very rapidly, and which seems more and more concerned to spend money lavishly. Every wealthy man wants his son to enjoy the advantages of a college education. Our colleges, therefore, contain too large a proportion of spoiled, lazy boys, whose hours of labor have been cut down to the irreducible minimum. Their fathers wish them to be "gentlemen"—that is, possessed of superficial graces of manner but agreeably destitute of ideas. A writer in the last *Harvard Monthly* succinctly describes these undergraduates as "rich parasites." Now, it is certain that with their fathers and families being what they are, these young idlers will never have any pressure from home put upon them. The interest of the indulgent parents will be chiefly centred on the social and athletic victories of the lads. Indeed, it is almost inconceivable that a man or woman in the so-called "smart set" of New York should even comprehend the ambition of a son who, by some accident, might wish to gain intellectual distinction at college.

Under these circumstances, the duty of setting an intellectual tone really rests on the college authorities and chiefly on the faculty. It cannot be shifted to the undergraduates or to their parents, or even to the alumni. "The object of a university," as President Wilson has put it, "is to educate." That is what it is for; and the member of the faculty who does not lend his help in this task has no excuse for holding his job and drawing his pay. If the teachers at Harvard, Yale, and our other colleges, had, as a whole, sufficient backbone and energy to do their work as it should be done, they could keep the undergraduates up to the mark, the society elections would take care of themselves, the excesses of athletics would disappear, and we should have no committees reporting that "the average amount of study is discreditably small." But the cold truth, as every one familiar with the facts can testify, is that many of our colleges are honeycombed with soft courses. We could, were this the place, print a list of the very men who, at Harvard, Yale, and elsewhere, run the big elective courses, crowded with loafers from the "gold coast"—courses that are a disgrace to any institution that professes to stand for the higher learning. These amiable but incompetent instructors whose names will leap to the lips of every alumnus that reads these lines, whose shortcomings as teachers are known to every college president and every vigorous member of their respective faculties, are the men who make it possible for boys who ought never to be in college to stay in, to lounge their way through, and finally to secure a degree. These benevolent gentlemen who conduct the "snaps" are largely responsible for that low intellectual tone of which President Wilson complains. Until their demoralizing influence is checked, until we devise administrative methods that will put an end to such shallow pretences of teaching, and compel professors to discharge their duties with reasonable efficiency or else accept a retiring pension—in short, until our colleges themselves firmly assert the sovereignty of intellectual interests, serious parents will continue to feel misgiving as to the moral and mental welfare of their children who go to college.

THE CRAZE FOR MEMOIRS.

Something, we know, is always "displacing the popular novel." Macaulay's "History" did it; Green's "Short History" did it; Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World" did it; people even asserted that the momentarily great but now forgotten Benjamin Kidd did it, with his newspaper scraps pinned together to make a revolutionary philosophy. The novel, however, does not stay displaced. Like Nature flung out with a fork, it is bound to come back. Still, the fond hope persists that people can be got to read books other than novels. Just now Englishmen seem much encouraged over the increasing vogue of biography. Once more the novel is displaced. We read in a letter from London:

> Ladies began to find that memoirs were often quite as exciting as novels and rather more scandalous. The result of this is beginning to be noticeable. At dinner parties and in drawing rooms the casual man home from a long time abroad would be rather struck by the apparently learned interests of his neighbors. I suppose that when such a man came home twenty years ago, he would have found himself in a network of names and allusions which would have bewildered him entirely until he had caught up with the novels of the day. But now he would hear names more familiar, but more astonishing. He would hear talk of Queen Charlotte, the Holland House circle, George Sand and Gambetta, Coke of Norfolk and the Duke of Buckingham, the Panmure Papers and the Duke of Newcastle, the amusements of Napoleon's sisters and the gossip of the Comtesse de Boigne.

The immense and legitimate interest of biography need not be argued. A real man is better than a hero of romance; and authentic letters, diaries, conversations, and descriptions of those who have been famous in literature, art, science, or statesmanship, must always make a powerful appeal to lovers of their kind and students of their time. And it is true that the English press has turned out, within the past twenty years, an extraordinary number of important or absorbing biographies and memoirs. When one thinks of the letters of Lord Acton, the correspondence of the Brownings, the lives of Tennyson, Gladstone, Huxley, Parnell, and Randolph Churchill, the recollections of Gavan Duffy and Sir Algernon West, the memoirs of John Delane and

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the half-autobiography and half-history of Lord Cromer, it is easy to understand how there may be enthusiasm, if not a craze, over that kind of reading. The novel might gracefully concede first place to it.

We must confess to grave doubt, however, whether there can long be a "craze," or even a moderate zeal, in taking up memoirs, on the part of those who look to them to furnish an intellectual excitement alternative to that provided by novels. In some respects, the two classes of books are alike: they deal with human interest, they arouse curiosity. But there is one difference, and it is fatal. A good biography is a genuine addition to knowledge. It illustrates a generation; it lights up a period. But it does this only for those who have some antecedent knowledge, and who are eager to add to their stores of it. Right here appears the disability of the inveterate novel-reader. He (take notice, ladies, we did not say *she*) may find much in biography to whet and satisfy his curiosity about persons, but will all the while be running upon things utterly blind to him. For the memoirs of prominent men and women are filled with evidence that they thought and read, were deeply interested in the politics and religion and literature and art of their time, and were all the time making allusions which would be Greek to the novel-drenched reader. Such an unfortunate would all the while be crying out: "What on earth was the Gorham judgment? What was the matter with Colenso? Why was there a Fourth Party, and who were in it? What does the fellow mean by quoting French poetry so often, to say nothing of his confounded Latin?" Obviously, a man thus easily thrown off the track in biography, would soon get over any passing craze for that kind of entertainment, and would presently be found clothed and in his right mind, and reading the very latest novel.

It is only fair to add that the writers or editors of memoirs have much to do with repelling people from biographical reading. If the "memoir craze" were not killed by anything else, it would be by the bad construction of so many memoirs. As a rule, they are far too long and far too indiscriminate. Amorphous masses of matter are flung together in haphazard arrangement. The important and unimportant are jumbled together hopelessly. The elder De Morgan's indictment of German—too many lines in a letter, too many letters in a word, too many words in a sentence, too many sentences in a chapter, too many chapters in a book—might be brought, *mutatis mutandis*, against the over-long memoirs with which the bookshelves have literally groaned during the past few years. It is not necessary to desire or expect a popular mania for biography, but, in order that there may be even a due popular interest in this branch of literature, it is time to insist upon the duty of selection and compression in the writing of memoirs.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOSIAH FLYNT.

The writer of this interesting narrative,* perhaps best known as the author of "Tramping with Tramps," thought that an apology was due from a man who wrote his own biography before the age of forty. He justly felt, however, that his case was exceptional. He had tried an unusual experiment with his life, had obtained some novel results, and now purposed to record them and close that chapter. Before he had completed his task, death closed the book. On January 20, 1907, alone in his room in a Chicago hotel, Josiah Flynt (Willard), life-long vagabond and recently emergent author, succumbed in his thirty-eighth year to disease, drink, and we know not what of dissipation. As Arthur Symons relates with some gusto in his characteristic introduction to this volume:

> He shut himself away, . . . as Dowson shut himself away in his lodgings in Featherstone Buildings, and Lionel Johnson in his rooms in Gray's Inn; as a sick animal goes off into a lonely corner in the woods to die in.

This grim and sordid ending, of a piece with the main stuff of his days, will doubtless help hold back his memory from oblivion. It invests his brief career with a kind of sorry solemnity. He is now become one of the little body of adventurers who have been in forbidden lands and have brought back something strange at the cost of their lives.

The autobiography does not suffer much from the fact that its author left it incomplete. The few important details of his life which he might have been willing to add are supplied by his cousin, Bannister Merwin. We are informed that Flynt intended to conclude his work with some chapters of sociological and philosophical comment. These we do not greatly miss. In spite of his sojourn at the University of Berlin, in spite of his dippings into Mill and Lombroso, and his interviews with Ibsen and Tolstoy, he was neither a sociologist nor a philosopher. His views about crime, vagrancy, and pauperism lie on the surface of all his tramp books. His final opinion of the wisdom of his own career he discloses again and again in the course of the pages of his life that he was spared to write—vagabondage does not pay. The narrative does suffer somewhat on the side of richness and color from the fact that he had already used much of his most picturesque material in his other writings. But the thing that hindered him most from producing a book of intense and absorbing interest was his own invincible reticence.

The spirit masked behind the youthful, hard, expressionless face of the frontispiece, with its premature lines in the forehead, its thick eyebrows, fixed level eyes, insignificant nose, its firmly set mouth and chin, is inscrutable. This reticence is part of what is unique in the man. It distinguishes him from all the literary vagabonds who claim him as brother. It is no literary reserve; it is the genuine reticence of the tramp. This man has wandered so long in shady and devious ways that sealed lips and unrevealing eyes are his unalterable habit. Only with his fellows of the underworld is he at all at ease. Chance contact with a young literary Bohemian suggests that he turn his untreasured adventures to profit by his pen. The stuff is so rare that no lack of style can spoil it. By practice he acquires a certain freedom, power, and crude veracity of expression. But he has neither the gift nor the taste—so marked in his literary father—for self-confession. "I have given them my insides," he said to Bannister Merwin, when he had nearly completed "My Life." And Merwin seems to think he was successful. "The mere facts of life," he says, "did not seem very important to him; feeling was everything." With due deference to Mr. Merwin, the exact contrary of this was true. So far as his "confession" shows, the mere facts are everything—the rest is silence.

The forces that drove the boy to the road are clearly enough displayed in the comparatively ingenuous portion of the biography dealing with his early life. He tries, to be sure, to make it appear that he was not a tramp by parentage, education, or surrounding, but by some mysterious call of the blood; it is hardly necessary to seek the first cause in that obscure source. It is true that there was nothing prophetic of a tramp in his immediate family. His father, Oliver Atherton Willard, was editor-in-chief of a Chicago newspaper. His mother was a woman of education and refinement—her father a professor of divinity in the Biblical Institute of his home town. His

**My Life.* By Josiah Flynt. New York: The Outing Publishing Company.

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aunt was the noted temperance reformer, Frances Willard. The father died when Josiah was eight years old and left the boy with two distinct impressions of the paternal character. One was associated with an occasion on which the elder Willard had interrupted the family prayers with the exclamation, "Damn the cats!" The other was associated with innumerable "whalings" administered on every possible occasion. The only permanent affection that the boy ever had seems to have been for his mother. He registers in his autobiography his remorse for the persistent "cussedness" with which he treated her. Yet he does not fail to record that her hand was heavy upon him, and that upon one occasion she washed out his mouth with soap and water for simply ejaculating "Gee!" On the whole, it is not strange that he struck the keynote of his career by running away at the age of five and being locked up in the engine-house. This is his earliest memory of childhood.

For their domestic rigor, he does not blame his parents very severely; after all, they were products of larger and equally hostile forces from which he could not escape so long as he stayed in town. Though he was born in Appleton, Wisconsin, his youthful recollections are all connected with the little Methodist "Athens," where the Northwestern University is situated, at Evanston on the southwestern shore of Lake Michigan. Even to-day, qualified as it is by the higher criticism, by the increasing number of wealthy suburbanites, and by the nearer neighborhood of creedless and tolerant Chicago, the atmosphere of Evanston preserves something of the strong religious flavor of Wesleyanism. Thirty years ago, Josiah Flynt found it an extremely difficult place in which to be a natural boy. He insists that in those days he was merely an ordinary youngster, with lively spirits and some bent for mischief, and his attractive portrait, taken at the age of thirteen, lends support to his contention. But the strenuous moral and religious discipline of the place perverted him. It wished to hold him forever upon the cold heights of holiness; he found life at that level tedious and unnatural. On several occasions, as he says with a suggestion of scorn, he experienced "conversion," and was scared and persuaded into joining the "mourners at the mercy seat." But a violent reaction soon followed. The desire for a more unconstrained and highly colored life gave rise to secret foregatherings with other backsliders and unregenerates in caves hollowed out under the low bluff overhanging the lake. Here the weary little Christians refreshed themselves with dime-novels, took up cigarette-smoking, and acquired what Flynt inelegantly calls "a working vocabulary of cuss words." In order to conceal this buried life from an unsympathetic world, it soon became necessary to resort to an elaborate process of "explanationing." By the time he was ten years old Josiah was an experienced smoker, swore freely, lied readily, and stole or "pilfered" at need. There did not appear to be any promising opening in Evanston for a boy of his talents, and he made several more or less abortive attempts to run away.

Before he finally reached the open road, however, his relatives appear to have made several ineffectual attempts to straighten him out. He had arrived at the critical period of adolescence in a fairly crooked state, and a strong and wise hand was needed if any reform was to be accomplished. Unhappily, his mother was then living in Germany, and none of his other relatives seems to have had any salutary influence over him. Something, they thought, might be effected by sending him out of town. Accordingly, he was matriculated in a college in Illinois, where he worked his way diligently for two years, and tried to keep "on the level." The account of this academic course is exceedingly scanty. The reason given for its termination is almost fantastic. Disgruntled because of his failure in an essay contest, if we may trust the autobiographer, the young collegian ran home. After a short visit in Evanston, he was next shipped off to a farm in western Pennsylvania, where, for a few weeks, he worked contentedly enough in the open air. There he met the first and last woman who inspired in him a genuine passion. He refers to her by the romantic soubriquet, Jeminy Jowles, and devotes nearly two pages to an account of her undistinguished conduct. When he discovered that she had jilted him, he "hopped" a freight train which landed him in Buffalo. A good-natured yardmaster gave him a place as car-reporter, which he held for just a week.

From this point his descent into professional vagrancy is swift. One has a feeling that he supplies only just enough details to outline the passage. Though he has thrown out some hints of youthful pilfering, we are a little surprised to find him suddenly a full-blown horse-thief. One day, seeing a horse and buggy standing idle in a street in Buffalo, he jumps in, drives down into Pennsylvania, and disposes of his plunder to an old acquaintance. A few weeks later he tries the same game only ten miles away at a fair, is caught, and sent to a reformatory. In due season he leaps from a window twenty feet to the ground, eludes his pursuers, travels all night, and with his regained liberty passes at length over the frontiers of "Hoboland." He dates the period of this *Vita Nuova* from the moment when he crawled to the top of a coke oven and called "'Hello' to some men who were cooking their coffee in a tomato-can over one of the oven openings." To the eight solid months of tramp life which follow—the eight months which constitute the marrow of his literary capital and the core of his life—he gives less than twenty pages. There is only a hint here of the fierce vicissitudes of box-car travel, only a few random specimens of the grimy whimsicalities of the jail, only a lurid flash upon the squalor of thieves and drunkards brawling by night. Yet he seems to have slipped into this ragged society as into his native element, and to have left no corner of it unexplored. The critical sense of the most experienced roadster could find no flaw in his character. "Before quitting the Road," he says, "I could have at any time claimed and secured the respect due to the 'blowed-in-the-glass' wanderer."

Though this period of professional vagrancy terminated in the neighborhood of his twentieth year with a trip to Germany as a coal-heaver, Flynt remained in some sense a tramp to the end of his life. The distinction between the earlier and the later wayfaring is that in the first instance he was a fugitive from justice, in the second a voluntary explorer of trampland. He had not, as he supposed, really conquered the *Wanderlust;* he had rather legitimatized it. Enrolled at the University of Berlin as a candidate for the doctorate in *Theoretische und praktische Nationalekonomie*, his fancy was still straying to the open road. When one of his professors asked him what he had in mind as the topic of his thesis, he replied that he contemplated something which should consolidate his knowledge of geography and vagrancy. When the old restlessness became too strong for him, he made an excuse of his studies, and dived again into the underworld. He did it then on a grand scale; he became a pioneer in comparative vagrancy, wandering suitably disguised in Russia, Germany, and England. He had meanwhile made a start as a contributor to magazines. But when, about the time of the Spanish war, he returned to America he could not resist the temptation to revisit his old paths—though this time in the rôle of a railway inspector. His brief literary career was diversified by detective work, slumming, tramping, and thief-chasing from New York to Oklahoma and Indian Territory. The recently popular interest in "muckraking" enlisted his well-qualified pen, and made it profitable for him to renew his acquaintance with former haunts. Just before he died he was investigating pool-room gambling in Chicago.

Probably no writer of fiction ever had less assistance from his imagination. Nearly everything that he wrote seems to have been a transcript, comparatively little altered, from his own experience or from that of his acquaintances. Ruderick Clowd, in the rogue novel to which he gives his name, almost exactly

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repeats the reformatory experience of Flynt as described in "My Life." "The Little Brother" is a not very skilful, though occasionally very effective, elaboration of an incident recounted in "Tramping with Tramps." "The Itinerant Policeman" and "The World of Graft" betray frankly the raw material. He could not get away from his tramps, pickpockets, sharpers, burglars, and grafters. His talent was rather that of a reporter and special correspondent than that of a novelist. Indeed, literature as such had very little attraction for him. He seems to have cared as little for his own books as for those of others. There is nothing more noteworthy in his autobiography than the casual reference to his "other writings," without even mention of their titles. There is no evidence in the book that he ever went through the struggles of literary composition, or knew the feeling of literary pride or ambition. He knew a circle of young writers in London and in New York; the only point on which it occurred to him to compare them was their proclivity for drink. Of the Americans he says almost nothing. In 1892 he used to meet at a tavern with Symons, Lionel Johnson, Ernest Dowson, and others, and enjoyed their company, but not especially the topics of their conversation. To quote his own words: "What Swinburne, Pater, Wilde, Verlaine, and others were doing and saying was not half so interesting to me as what some haphazard pick-up might say to me and Symons, during our stroll after the Crown meeting was over."

It was a purely fortuitous circumstance which brought this Methodist runaway under the literary auspices of Mr. Symons. With the gaseous romanticism of the poet of "London Nights" and the ill-starred young men whose obituaries he has written, Flynt had no fundamental relationship. Mr. Symons's introduction to "My Life" is a valediction from a vagabond of the mind to a vagabond of the body. The overlapping of their experiences was extremely slight. Of that moral emancipation and that restless histrionic errancy among the misty ways of the spirit which distinguish the one, the other shows no sign. Flynt ran away from whalings, and Methodism, and reformatories, but he never ran away in spirit from the established social order. Whatever his practices may have been, his ideas of morality were absolutely conventional. He was skeptical before the virtuous, but not before the virtues. He judged his own conduct as one to whom good and evil are facts. He was singularly free from the enervating sense of illusion so prevalent among the so-called decadents. He believed in a real world, and to him the real world was fixed, tangible, external. When tramping in England he was puzzled and amused by the fact that "Symons was inveterately on the scent for 'impressions and sensations,' while I found happiness merely in roving." He supposed that he received these "impreshuns and sensashuns"—so he spelt them later in mild derision—as well as his companion; but when he came to describe them, he found that they lacked "literary dignity"—that they were not the thing that his more exquisitely organized friend produced. The truth is, the external world underwent no elaborate metamorphosis in his temperament. His pleasures were not imaginative, but crude, elemental, immediate. He could not make capital of his impressions, because he did not analyze or understand them. Beside the intimate and voluptuous sensibility of his literary mentor's work, Flynt's "confession" is a mere record of facts.

Little as there was in Flynt of the literary decadent, there was still less of the romantic wanderer. Some of his friends would like to have us believe that he was of the fraternity with such poetical vagabonds as Robert Louis Stevenson and George Borrow. So one might think who had read the dedication of his "Life" to all those "under the spell of that will-o'-wisp, *Die Ferne*, the disappearing and fading Beyond." But the glamour ends with the dedication. This celebrant of *Wanderlust* cannot tell why *Die Ferne* lures him. He is singularly insensible to the beauty and terror of the natural world. For him, Lake Michigan is only a bathing-place. He has not a word of its waves rushing in under the wind like sea-surf, not a word of the black ships that smoke dimly across its veiled and shifting horizon, not a word of the long, dusty roads that wind over the rolling prairie into the sky. For him there is no sunrise nor sunset, nor "clear night of stars." No birds carol to him from dewy hedge-rows, and no startled rabbit crosses his path. He hums no old French song, he dreams no dreams, he builds no castles in Spain. He lies in no fragrant twilit dingle teaching Armenian numerals to a gypsy lass. To him the forest is not a greenwood, but a hang-out for hoboes, and the highway not the path to *El Dorado*, but the beggar's marketplace. He lives in a world of discouraged criminals, whose rendezvous is the watering-tank, whose thoroughfare the railway, whose destination, the jail or the penitentiary. "Whatever else you do or don't do," wrote an anxious friend—perhaps thinking of Lavengro and Isopel Berners—"don't forget to get some romance into the story." He responded with Jeminy Jowles and an account of his first imprisonment. Commenting on Symons's "glorying in the beautiful moonlight," he says: "I got pleasure out of Symons's romantic appreciation of a trip which reminded me very mundanely of other nocturnal tramps at home." Here speaks the Cervantes of romantic vagabondage. This book is not a romantic testament; it is rather a purge or—to borrow an expression of Lyly's—a "cooling-card" for all fond romanticists.

Its place is with the literature of the rogue or *picaro;* it is very much nearer to "Jack Wilton" and "Moll Flanders" than to "Lavengro." Neither a truant literary artist nor a soured Roussellian poet and philologist, he does not attempt to make intelligible a rare and highly individualized personality. He aims rather to delineate himself as one of a common, widespread, but imperfectly known social group. Whenever it is possible he represents himself as a detached spectator at drinking-bouts and hang-outs. Concerning his own fatal indulgence in intoxicating liquor he maintains a curious silence. Only rarely does he betray the possession of other passions than that which led him to follow the piper over the hills. Yet he is so thoroughly at home in the underworld that he ignores many things in it which would impinge sharply on the consciousness of an outsider. Whether by the early and excessive use of narcotics or by long-continued roughing it, his sensibilities have become so blunted as to be almost indifferent to physical hardships. Cold, filth, wetness, hunger pass with little comment. Beggary and theft have become the day's work. Though he does not write of these things with the unblushing candor of De Foe, his sense of life is similar, and his style has the same matter-of-fact sincerity. There is something wholesome and manly in his declaration that he has discovered nothing precious for the spirit in the Beyond of the vagabond. Mr. Symons may speak unctuously of life among tramps as Flynt's novel and special "form of culture"; Flynt himself sums up his impressions thus: "Laziness, loafing, *Wanderlust*, and begging are to-day what they ever have been—qualities and habits passed on from generation to generation, practically intact." The value of his work is in the clear, unrefracted light which it sheds, not over civilization on a romantic truancy, but over civilization going quietly, furtively to the dogs.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

Urbana, Illinois.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The sale by the Anderson Auction Company of the J. Chester Chamberlain collection of first editions of American authors was another exemplification of the fact that in general it is only the rarest books of any author which are increasing rapidly in price and the purchase of which might be warranted by him who buys solely for investment. After the Arnold sale in January, 1901, when American first editions almost without exception showed a remarkable advance upon previous records, book stores and libraries were ransacked

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for first editions, with the result that some books previously regarded as rare have been comparatively common; that is, copies turn up several times every season. Such, for example, are Emerson's "Poems," Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Thoreau's "Walden," and Longfellow's "Evangeline." The great nuggets of the Chamberlain collection, however, brought wonderful prices, some in excess of what the most optimistic would have dared to predict. Who, for instance, among those critics who of late years have been crying down Longfellow's poetry would have imagined that $2,200 would be paid for a printed book of his dated as late as 1860, and absolutely lacking in autographic or association interest? No book by Thackeray, Tennyson, Keats, or any other of England's nineteenth century authors (with the exception of two of Shelley's pamphlets), has, so far as we can recall, ever reached such a price in the auction room. The Chamberlain collection was particularly rich in Longfellow rarities. Mr. Chamberlain had made his Hawthorne as perfect as he could, and had prepared the bibliography for the Grolier Club exhibition. During the last year or two of his collecting he made a special effort to complete his Longfellow series, in view of the approaching centenary. From the Longfellow family, who were never before known to part with a book, he secured, partly by exchange, several rarities, including the prose "New England Tragedy," put into type in 1860, the book which brought the remarkable price of $2,200. It is a little volume consisting of title, one page of Dramatis Personæ, and 130 pages of text, printed on thirteen signatures, varying from two leaves to eight, three signatures ending with a blank leaf not included in the pagination. The two known copies are in the original sheets, unsewn and unbound. Eight years later, now entirely rewritten and put into verse, and a second tragedy added, "The New England Tragedies" was published. The book was set up in the spring and ten copies taken off privately; one of these, the copy given to George W. Greene by Longfellow, brought $500. Mr. Chamberlain was also fortunate in securing from the descendants of Greene, who was perhaps Longfellow's most intimate lifelong friend, all the books and letters which they owned. The collection of 508 autograph letters and 37 postal cards, perhaps the most extensive Longfellow correspondence in existence, brought $5,100; the first edition of "Outre Mer" (1833-34) in the two parts, in the original paper covers, with an interesting letter inserted, $795. The identical copy (but without the letter) brought $310 in the Arnold sale, though it had cost Mr. Arnold only $60. Another copy, the two parts bound in one, old half calf, with presentation inscription to G. W. Greene, went for the very moderate price of $250; a privately printed leaflet containing Longfellow's poem in French, "Noël," written to accompany a basket of wine sent as a Christmas present to Agassiz, five copies known, $510 (this identical copy, $55 in the Arnold sale, though it had cost Mr. Arnold $30 and $5.95 for binding); an unauthorized publication of "Excelsior," issued as an advertisement by the Excelsior Life Insurance Company in 1872 (with an A. L. S. relating to the poem inserted), $160; another leaflet "From My Arm Chair," addressed to the children of Cambridge, and printed by Longfellow for presentation to the children who came to see him and sit in the chair which had been made from the "spreading chestnut tree" (with A. L. S. inserted), $150; a private issue of "Kéramos," put into type before publication in *Harper's Magazine*, six copies known, four in the possession of the Longfellow family, $400.

Several of the rarer first editions of James Russell Lowell's books made new records: "A Year's Life" (1841), with inscription in Lowell's autograph, "To Alfred Tennyson from the Author, Boston, U. S.," $375; "Poems" (1844), a large and thick paper copy, $330 (this copy at Anderson's in April, 1901, $150); "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets" (1845), presentation copy, $140 (Arnold sale, 1901, $52.50, though it cost Mr. Arnold $20); "A Fable for Critics" (1848), first edition, presentation copy, $150; "Mason and Slidell" (1862), a separate reprint from the types of the *Atlantic Monthly*, $255; "The Biglow Papers," Second Series (London, Trübner & Company, 1864), $71; the "Commemoration Ode" (1865), presentation copy with two autograph letters inserted, $875; Address, delivered in Birmingham (1884), afterwards entitled "On Democracy," the private issue printed on one side only, before the lecture was delivered, with corrections in Lowell's autograph, $420; Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems" (1829), original paper boards, edges entirely uncut, $2,900. This copy, as we pointed out a few weeks ago, was sold privately in this city to Frederick W. French of Boston for about $175. A presentation copy of Poe's "Poems" (1831) brought $410; a similar copy without the presentation inscription, $315. The only Whittier item which brought more than $125 was the first edition of "Moll Pitcher" (1832), in the original printed blue paper covers, probably the finest copy in existence, $500. The Holmes collection included three remarkable pieces, of which the Chamberlain examples are the only ones known. These three books, all printed in 1863, and presented by Holmes to the late George Livermore, are "New England's Master-Key," $750; "Lecture—1863," $745; and "Oration Delivered before the City Authorities of Boston," $490. "Fanshawe," Hawthorne's first book, is apparently becoming common, for the copy offered in the Chamberlain sale brought only $500; "Time's Portraiture," a single page broadside distributed by the carriers of the *Salem Gazette* in 1838, $550; "The Celestial Railroad," a miniature book (1843), $380; and several books from Hawthorne's library, prices ranging from $110 to $390. In point of price there was only one notable Bryant item, the "Oration delivered at Stockbridge, July 4th, 1820," $175. The total of the sale, 882 lots, was about $32,000.

At the auction of Part ii of the John G. Heckscher library by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company February 15-18, Rafinesque's "Ichthyologia Ohiensis" (Lexington, Ky., 1820), sold for $253. This is the first perfect copy of this exceedingly rare pamphlet to be offered at auction, although at private sale it has changed hands at a considerably higher price. The first edition of Walton's "Angler," in morocco, by Riviere, the margins considerably worked over and repaired, brought $3,900, the record price for a copy in modern binding; the second edition (1655), $780; the second issue of the third edition (1664), $545; the fourth edition (1668), $400; manuscript document in Walton's autograph, $650. Other important records were Sage's "The Restigouche and Its Salmon-Fishing" (1888), $180; Gervase Markham's "Pleasure of Princes" (1614), a poor copy, $105; Leonard Mascall's "A Booke of Fishing with Hooke & Line" (1590), $100; John Taverner's "Certaine Experiments Concerning Fish and Fruite" (1600), $125; and John Whitney's "The Genteel Recreation" (1700), $351.

On March 1, Stan. V. Henkels of Philadelphia will sell books belonging to the late H. Rush Kerver of West Chester, Pa. Included is a copy of Poe's "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems" (1829), in the original binding, pink paper boards, muslin back, but with the edges trimmed, although the bottom margin shows a few proof leaves. Included also are McKenny and Hall's "Indian Tribes" and Lewis's "Aboriginal Portfolio," two important books with colored plates.

On March 1 and 2, in three sessions, the Anderson Auction Company of this city will sell a miscellaneous collection, including books on the drama, a few specimens of early printing, first editions of Sir Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Swinburne, and William Morris; and several works illustrated by George Cruikshank.

On March 2, 3, and 4, the Merwin Clayton Sales Company of this city will sell the third and last part of the Heckscher library. This portion is divided into five sections. The first includes books on fisheries, fish commission reports, laws relating to fisheries, etc., 121 lots; the second, books on sporting as distinguished from fishing, including a number of "Nimrod's" (Charles James Apperley's) works, with illustrations in color by Henry Alken; Pierce Egan's books with colored plates by Cruikshank, Lane, Alken, and others; and Surtees's sporting novels; the third, books on ornithology, including a set, 7 vols., of the first edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" (1840-44); Edwards's "Natural History of Uncommon Birds" (1743); and Yarrell's "History of British Birds" (1843-56), large paper; the fourth, duelling literature, 53 lots, including several pamphlets relating to the Hamilton-Burr encounter.

On March 4 and 5, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the library of William H. Rollins of Portsmouth, N. H., including early American almanacs, bibliography, books on Indians, and genealogies.

Correspondence.

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Under the above title, I published in the *Nation* for December 8, 1904, an article on Isaac Mitchell, author of "The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa," a two-volume novel, printed at Poughkeepsie in 1811. This book apparently was not a success, but its main episode, brought out in a single volume, under the title of "Alonzo and Melissa," went through edition after edition, in all parts of the country, and obtained a success that may rightly

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be described as phenomenal. Strangely enough, "Alonzo and Melissa" is never attributed to Mitchell, but, on the title page of every copy I have examined a certain Daniel Jackson, jr., is named as the author. I explained this fact by asserting that Jackson was a plagiarist. (See the *Nation*, February 2, 1905.)

Previous to the publication of my article, H. Bradley Jackson of Grand Isle, Vt., had written to the New York *Times* Saturday Review of Books, September 3, 1904, that his grandfather, Daniel Jackson, jr., born May 31, 1790, had most assuredly written the novel.

While he was teaching in the Plattsburgh Academy, in about 1808-10, he became acquainted with two officers stationed at Plattsburgh, who were from Connecticut. They told him about Alonzo and Melissa, gave him the points of the story, and wished him to write it out and have it published in a book. The eldest officer of the two said he was a cousin of Melissa and knew the facts he gave, and this was the way he came to write the story. . . . Previous to the death of my father in 1889, he told me he had the original manuscript somewhere among his papers, but it has never been found, although, in the attic, there are several old chests which have never been disturbed since his death.

Sidney S. Rider of Providence supported this statement, and finding a copy of "Alonzo and Melissa," dated 1811, the year of the publication of the two-volume "Asylum," concluded that Mitchell was the plagiarist, in spite of the fact that Mitchell had copyrighted his book in 1810, and had proved himself to be a writer and a man of prominence who could not reasonably be supposed to steal in this fashion. My contention for Mitchell's authorship of "Alonzo and Melissa" was supported by Edmund Platt, the author of the "History of Poughkeepsie." Recent investigations by Mr. Platt have settled this matter beyond controversy and with his permission, I quote from the material he has kindly placed at my disposal.

Mr. Rider discovered in the Poughkeepsie *Political Barometer* of March, 1811, a set of proposals by Joseph Nelson for publishing "The Asylum, or Alonzo and Melissa, an American tale, founded on fact, in two volumes, by I. Mitchell." In the course of these proposals, it is stated:

> The historic part was moulded into form by the writer in the leisure hours of his juvenile years; methodized and delineated, it appeared heretofore, in the *Political Barometer;* it will now be published on a more ample and extended scale.

Taking a hint from this statement, which is one more confirmation of Mitchell's authorship, Mr. Platt consulted the files of the *Political Barometer*, owned by Mrs. C. M. Nelson of Poughkeepsie (whose husband was a grandson of the above-mentioned Joseph Nelson) and found in the first number of Volume III, June 5, 1804, "Alonzo and Melissa, a Tale," with the following preface:

> In the interim of Congressional and other legislative proceedings and the recess of elections, we cheerfully devote our attention to the more fanciful portion of our readers. The following story is founded on fact; the principal characters are still living; the incidents are yet in the memory of those acquainted with the circumstances. The names, for obvious reasons, are fictitious.—It has never appeared in print.

To quote from a letter of Mr. Platt to me: At the end of the story as published in the *Barometer*, namely, in the issue of October 30, 1804, is appended "A Note to Alonzo and Melissa," which contains much that is interesting. It begins with an apology for the mistakes in the story and continues:

> But for mistakes and deficiencies the writer has excuse. The incidents from which the tale was founded were only to be found in his memory. It was written also from week to week, amidst the hurry of his avocations and more generally put to press without revision.

Then follows the statement that a good many of the scenes are hurried over and shortened more than they should be:

> To this the writer answers that it was his first intention that those scenes should be fully completed. . . . All these errors will be corrected, deficiencies filled, should the work be published in a volume or volumes as is now projected. It will then be carefully revised, altered, amended, and considerably enlarged. This is particularly mentioned now for the following reasons:
>
> Although we are perfectly willing that contemporary papers should extract the story into their papers, yet it is our request that they will not publish it in a pamphlet or book; and should they do this before they are legally prevented, he cautions the public against purchase of them, as in due time they will be presented with a more perfect and complete edition greatly enlarged. Besides, the novel as extracted into the papers we have seen is materially incorrect and not agreeing with the original.—What we mean by legal prevention is that we design at an early day to anticipate a copy-right of not only "Alonzo and Melissa," but the other two original tales which have hitherto appeared in the *Barometer*, to wit, "Albert and Eliza" and "Melville and Phalez," all of which will be revised, amended and much enlarged. The first of these novels, written under similar circumstances with the two last, was no sooner completed than a neighboring printer with whom we exchange papers whipped it into a pamphlet and had it peddled through various parts of the State and the State of Connecticut. Another printer, more distant, published it and had it bound in a book. . . . "Melville and Phalez" shared the same fate, though from another printer.

Comparing "Alonzo and Melissa," published under Jackson's name, with the story as printed in the *Barometer*, Mr. Platt writes:

> The story is identically the same, with only the occasional change of a word and a little occasional change in the paragraphing. I did not read it all, but read the beginning and the end and the first lines of paragraphs. Jackson did not even attempt to divide it into chapters, but cribbed it from the *Barometer* just as Mitchell had written it, except that he naturally left out Mitchell's references to previous issues of the paper.

It only remains to add that the natural reason why Mitchell did not take legal action against Jackson is that Mitchell died November, 1812.

There is still an interesting point in connection with "Alonzo and Melissa" on the purely literary side. Published in 1804, it had been written some time before this, presumably shortly after the appearance of the "Mysteries of Udolpho," 1794, of which it is a delightful imitation. I believe that Franklin's first appearance in fiction is in this novel, and certainly Alonzo is one of the few Yale heroes who is *not* an athlete:

> Alonzo was about twenty-one years old; he had been esteemed an excellent student. His appearance was manly, open, and free. His eye indicated a nobleness of soul; although his aspect was tinged with melancholy, yet he was naturally cheerful. His disposition was of the romantic cast!

Walter Scott himself would have envied Mr. Mitchell his Gothic castle on the banks of the Sound. It was "of real Gothic architecture, built of rude stone and battlements," with a deep moat and drawbridge. It is here that Melissa, imprisoned for her devotion to Alonzo, hears voices calling, "Away, away!" and once a "hand cold as the icy fingers of death grasped her arm which lay outside of the bed clothes." Poe himself is outdone, when, one tempestuous night, she is aroused by flashes of fire, followed by strange peals of thunder. She hears "horrible, hollow groans reëchoing through the castle"; a tall, white form glides past her bed; the doors of the building open and shut alternately "slapping furiously"; she listens in terror to the sound of heavy bodies falling and "the crash of furniture." Then comes the blood-curdling cry of "Murder!" followed by the report of a pistol and groans, greeted by "peals of ghastly laughter." At this juncture Melissa proved her worth, for, writes Mr. Mitchell, "she arose, lighted a candle, and looked under the bed." Alonzo's wild ride from New Haven to New London, his adventures in London and Paris, and his final discovery of the lost Melissa, should be among the classic pages of the American novel. The book must be read in its entirety, and certainly should be reprinted.

There remains one question that thrusts itself upon the reader of "Alonzo and Melissa." What is the secret of the book? Why did it attract so many generations of readers? The answer is not hard to find. American literature had been practically limited to two subjects—theology and politics. In the mass of sermons and controversial tracts, in the numerous appeals to patriots—and to voters—there was little to satisfy the love of romance and adventure, and yet our forefathers were none the less eager to find in their own lives and in this new land the glamor of that romance which had adorned the world they had left. "Alonzo and Melissa" is but another witness to the inborn desire to escape from the trammels of every-day existence, or rather, to idealize that existence, and to render it in some degree heroic. Viewed in this light the book is more than an amusing imitation of Mrs. Radcliffe, it is a veritable *document humain*.

EDWARD B. REED.

Yale College, February 5.

THE LEGEND OF THAIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Doubtless not a few of those who have enjoyed the performances of Massenet's opera, "Thais," are familiar with the version of the story given by Anatole France in his novel "Thais." Perhaps a word or two about the ancient legend on which these modern works are based might be of some general interest.

An account of the life and conversion of Thais, an Alexandrian beauty and favorite of the fourth century, was written by an anonymous Greek, and may be found in a Latin translation in the "Acta Sanctorum," Mensis Octobris viii (Volume IV, p. 225), "De Sancta Thaide pœnitente in Ægypto." In the same volume (pp. 226-228) stands a poetical version in hexameters by Bishop Marbod of Rennes. As might be expected, the narratives touch only hastily on the more dramatic episodes, in order that more stress may be laid on

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Thais's penitence and conversion, which she proved by burning all her worldly goods and allowing herself to be immured in a narrow cell for three years, from which she emerged with her sins forgiven, only to succumb to death.

Hrotsvit (Hrotsvitha), that interesting nun of Gandesheim, who flourished in the middle of the tenth century, has used the legend for "Paphnutius," her fifth moral "comedy," if so it may be called. In the opening scene the hermit Paphnutius is introduced as unfolding to his disciples, in frigid scholastic fashion, various irrelevant matters, after which he explains his sorrow over the life led by Thais in their neighborhood, and asks their prayers for his success in his plan to bring about her conversion. Then follows a dialogue between the hermit and some young men about town who politely direct him to her house, offering to accompany him. As Paphnutius desires a personal interview with her, Thais converses with him in a private room, "known to none other save God alone," as she says. This remark gives the holy man an opening, and in less than thirty words, by a frank allusion to hellfire, he fills Thais with remorse, so that she at once burns her accumulations of gowns and gew-gaws, and meekly enters a convent. Paphnutius returns in triumph to his disciples in the wilderness and three years later liberates the forgiven woman, whose dying words end the drama.

It is a far cry from Hrotsvit to Anatole France and Massenet. No contrast could be greater in form, motive, and effect, than that between the nun's crude dialogue intended for the edification of her sisters, and the brilliant musical spectacle of to-day, with its varied appeal to the senses and not always to the nobler side of man's nature. GEORGE DWIGHT KELLOGG.

Princeton, N. J., February 17.

A QUESTION OF LITERARY PROPERTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The old question of literary property rights has arisen in a form which it may be well to refer to the general public for discussion and decision. The present case is as follows: Some time ago Miss Alice E. Foote and I were engaged to investigate the conditions among women in the Pennsylvania coal fields by the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations acting through Dr. Annie M. MacLean, who was paid director of the larger investigation under which ours fell. We agreed that the data obtained should belong to the National Board, and it was understood that ultimately our facts and those obtained by other investigators should be printed by the board in one complete report. This, of course, would have been entirely proper, the work of a publisher being one thing, that of an author another. Miss Foote and I sent in reports on individual towns as we visited them, and at the end I wrote and sent in a general report. In the November (1908) number of the *American Journal of Sociology*, this report of mine appears almost verbatim, under Dr. MacLean's name, with no quotation marks and no reference to Miss Foote and myself. The eight pages of tables are in the main our reports on single towns, alphabetically arranged; and the fifteen pages of text are almost word for word from my report, except the first two, which were added by Dr. MacLean. Nearly nine of these pages I can prove are taken verbatim from me.

Now, I wish to submit that in selling our data we sold them as an author sells his book to a publisher. The author does not sell the publisher the right to claim the book as written by him. Two questions naturally arise here: First, what is the custom in such cases? Second, what is right?

As to custom, government precedent has the most weight, especially as the government does more of such investigating than any private board or individual. Accordingly, I have written to the Hon. Carroll D. Wright and the Hon. Charles P. Neill, the former and present commissioners of labor, asking them what the custom is. Mr. Neill says: "Practically every report is published under the name of the person making the report." President Wright says:

> In most cases now when a public document is issued as the result of the investigation of a single commission or individual, when the report is printed, the name of the one doing the work is given. Instances such as you suggest are rare indeed.

This would seem to determine the custom.

The question of right is simply this: Does the fact that an investigator sells certain facts or written articles to a board or individual, justify that board or individual in claiming the fact as discovered or the article as written by them? Or is it plagiarism? AMY E. TANNER.

Worcester, Mass., February 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to thank you for your courtesy in submitting to me for comment the above letter.

Certain of the points raised are open to criticism as to fact, but it is not my purpose now or at any time to make them matter for public debate. I wish simply to state that two years ago I was commissioned by the National Board of the Young Women's Christian Association to conduct an investigation as above intimated, and instructed to employ such assistance as I needed within certain prescribed limits. A number of women were engaged upon agreement that all material resulting from the investigation was to belong to the National Board, the board reserving the right to use said material in any way it saw fit. I was not informed as to plans for its final disposal. That was not my task. My instructions were to present a report to my organization. The point therefore was to furnish a digest of the investigation into which the personal equation of the investigators did not enter. These women did what I instructed them to do, and in the majority of cases they did it admirably. As organizer and director of the work, I neither claimed credit for details nor denied it to subordinates, but simply discharged my obligation to my superior officers.

Last spring, I was authorized by the National Board to publish in specified places the reports I had submitted. The article in question is one section, and states clearly that it is a part of a larger study made under my direction with two people in the field for a period of six and one-half weeks. It was not deemed of importance to name the two people in this preliminary article.

I may say in passing that the names of all the investigators, together with the sections of country in which they worked, are given in the complete report which will be issued soon. It might, therefore, seem wise to suspend judgment until this appears.

A. M. MACLEAN.

Brooklyn, February 16.

A PLEA FOR A NEW COLLEGE CHAIR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent conversation with a prominent college professor I was struck with his pessimistic view as to the outlook for general culture under the present educational systems, whether elective or compulsory, prevailing at American colleges. He deplored alike the insufficient preparation of the average freshman and the intellectual narrowness of even the *summa-cum-laude* graduate. The fact is, as he put it, the college student either cannot read, from lack of time, or will not read, from lack of inclination. As a result, he leaves college ignorant of the great facts of human achievement and of the great men whose names are identified with the world's progress. May I suggest, in the *Nation*, whether it would not be possible to graft upon the present courses in our leading colleges a compulsory course in "Geschichte der allgemeinen Kultur" (History of General Culture seems but a lame adaptation of the German subject), which in one or two years would acquaint even the dullest student with the principal currents of human development? It has been said that the entire story of human achievement can be grouped around five hundred names, and while teachers of encyclopædic knowledge are scarce anywhere, there are in America not a few men of encyclopædic breadth of view and international sympathies who would be competent to fill such a chair, and would know how to awaken in their hearers a general interest in matters of culture. Such a course, so far from weakening the discipline of the mind which must be the chief aim of education, would supplement it in fields which disclose now such lamentable ignorance. Let us borrow a hint from Huxley, who, in speaking of a truly liberal education, emphasizes the need of joining to the clear, cold, logical intellect "a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations" as well as a love of "all beauty, whether of Nature or of art." If it be objected that such a bird's-eye view of human progress in science, art, and all the other activities typified in the greatest of our race would encourage the dreaded "smattering," fear of which keeps so many ignoramuses in their narrow grooves, let us remember the stimulus given by the delightful rambles of the late Professor Norton to hundreds of eager minds that owe to him a permanent interest in things higher than those provided in the usual college curriculum. The inspired teacher would find in a course such as I have suggested a thousand subjects that would serve the ends of a liberal education in the truest sense, and would create the living interest

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without which the best disciplined mind is a lifeless machine. "Greift nur hinein in's volle Menschenleben! . . . Und wo ihr's packt, da ist's interessant." G. P.

New York, February 18.

CERTIFICATES OR EXAMINATIONS FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent communication in your columns (February 4) from Miss Elizabeth Forrest Johnson on the subject of entrance examinations encourages me to outline briefly a plan that occurred to me some time ago, and that has been commended by teachers of experience with whom it has been discussed. The two competing systems—the certificate plan and the examination plan—will not, I suppose, find unqualified support among reasonable people who have had enough experience to discover the great defects inherent in both. We all know how unsatisfactory is the mere examination; let the examiners be never so skilful, unworthy candidates will be passed and some worthy ones refused. A few months ago a college professor of long experience, who has for years been a member of the committee on entering students, told me that he would be glad to see the certificate plan adopted in the institution with which he is connected. On the other hand, no one who has had a glimpse of the weaknesses of the certificate plan, and who realizes the power it gives to invertebrate school principals, as well as the persecution at the hands of unscrupulous and ignorant parents to which it subjects principals of more tender conscience, can presume to defend this method as being more than approximately satisfactory. Now, the combination method—certificate *plus* examination—proposed by your correspondent, while admirable for some theoretical reasons, seems to me to be weak for the same practical reason that the certificate plan is weak, except that it rather increases the pressure put on principals to recommend a doubtful boy on the plea that "he may make good in the examination," to which the real responsibility would inevitably be shifted. As a matter of fact, I know that certificates of character and attainments were long required by at least one college, and that they were nothing but an empty form—since abolished, I am inclined to think.

The plan I humbly propose is, not the combination of certificate *plus* examination, but certificate *or* examination. The certificate would be watchfully guarded as a gateway open only to candidates whose scholarship could be enthusiastically endorsed by principals of unquestioned independence: the examination would then be held as at present, but it might be made more rigorous, and especially adapted in a number of ways to test severely candidates whose fitness had been called in question by their school teachers. But, on the other hand, the entire responsibility for a boy's failure would not be thrown on the principal; he could always reply to the angry parent: "If your son is fit to enter college he can easily prove the fact by taking the examinations. I have simply expressed my doubt, not my conviction to the contrary." That this combination plan would make approval of principals and the consequent exemption from examinations a thing to be striven for, and would thus help to tone up our preparatory schools, I firmly believe. I am none the less sure that it would reduce the labor connected with entrance examinations, would help us more easily to exclude the unfit, and would prevent the occasional unjust exclusion of boys who have worked well in school, but whom a momentary lapse has caused to make a poor showing in an examination. Philip H. Churchman.

Clark College, Worcester, Mass., February 13.

LEIBNITZ PAPERS IN AMERICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first-fruits of the search for Leibnitz papers which you kindly aided in your issue of February 18 are already at hand. Our Harvard librarian, W. C. Lane, calls my attention to a letter, dated at Paris, April 15, 1673, from the then youthful philosopher to Pierre Daniel Huet, afterwards the Bishop of Avranches. It forms a part of the Charles Sumner Collection in the Harvard Library and is kept in our new treasure-room in a portfolio with other autograph pieces, notable among which are those of Queen Elizabeth of England, of Louis XI, Charles IX, Henry IV, Louis XIII, and Louis XIV of France, Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, and Catharine de' Medici. The letter is a long one (of about a thousand words), in Latin, and in clear handwriting. A clipping from a bookseller's catalogue conveys the amusing information that it is "very rare."

Its subject-matter is of no little interest for the history of classical studies. It was only about a year before that the Duke of Montausier, who projected, "for the use of His Most Serene Highness the Dauphin," the famous Delphin edition of the classics, appointed Huet to undertake the management of the series and to select men of erudition to edit the several authors. To these and related facts the letter makes allusion. Leibnitz ends by proposing that he should edit Martianus Capella for the series. He speaks of Capella as "the only extant ancient writer of what may be called an encyclopædia of the liberal arts"; but adds that Capella is "exceedingly hard and uncouth" (difficillimum et deformatissimum) and is, withal, "throughout of a style so rough and harsh, so affectedly given to archaisms, and so overlaid with the faults of a degenerate age, that you may fairly say that he needs to be translated into Latin" (ita perpetuo salebrosus est, et horridus, et affectator antiqvitatis, seqvioris ævi vitiis incrustatæ, ut jure dicere possis, versione Latina indigere Martianum). Leibnitz laments over the decay of classical studies, and says that he first ascribed it to Huet's kindness rather than to his own fitness that Huet should have judged him worthy to take part in the Delphin edition; but that, when he saw Huet (of whose penetrating judgment he had no doubt) so persistent, he thought it time to reconcile his own scruples with Huet's hopes; and adds:

For I must confess that, albeit I lay no claim to talents or learning, I have at times won the praise of fair-minded critics for my diligence. And what else do you look for in a German, a man of that people to whom, of all the endowments of genius, industry alone is left (Id enim fateor, tametsi neqve ingenium neqvè doctrinam mihi arrogem, diligentiæ tamen laudem aliqvando apud æqvos censores consecutum; et qvid aliud expectes a Germano, cuj nationi inter ingenij dotes sola laboriositas relicta est).

Oddly enough, the superscription, Roberto Danieli Huetio, contains a plump error. The whole tenor of the missive leaves no shadow of a doubt that it was intended for Pierre Daniel Huet. The rationale of the blunder is, I think, clear. Leibnitz was a Saxon, born in Leipzig (Mei' Leibz'ch is e glee Baris, mei' Leibz'ch low' ich mer). To him the distinctions of surd and sonant were naturally hazy. In 1673 he had not been long in the "big and real Paris," and his ear was still unwonted to spoken French. It was easy to mistake *Pierre* for *bert*, and, under these conditions, not difficult to mistake the combination Monsieur Pierre for Monsieur Robert.

Charles R. Lanman.

Harvard University, February 19.

A CAUSE OF IMMIGRATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Why do we have undesirable immigration in California? An answer to this question is not far to seek, but the truth is not agreeable, and no one seems to have the courage to proclaim it.

One can cross almost any one of the northern countries of Europe without seeing a Chinaman, Japanese, or negro. Take England as an example. Every one knows that the United Kingdom is a kind of centre in Europe on which converge the main lines of trade from all the world. When one sets foot on British soil and behaves himself there, he has all the rights of an Englishman, land-owning excepted. The sentiment is, What do you know, and what can you do? Never mind where you were born or what the color of your skin. A fair inference is that here would flock all of the immigrants who seek employment and good wages; but they do not; the reason is that the British *excel and do their own work*. They cook their food, wash their clothing, operate their own factories, build their railways and houses. The same remark applies to France, Germany, Sweden, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland; indeed, to the countries of northern Europe generally.

I speak from observation in all these countries, and a further experience of a quarter of a century on the Pacific Coast with the "yellow peril." The fact is that the white man, especially the "native born," almost a term of ridicule, will not work. That is the secret of the situation, and the end is not hard to predict. The people declaim against Asiatic labor that is "taking the bread from their mouths," at the same time vigorously pursuing the courses that induce the immigration of the Japanese, Chinese, et al. The efforts of State Legislatures will accomplish little. When a people cease to do their own work, some other people must do it; and if with that labor is introduced an intellectuality equal to the domestic standard, the control of industry, the ownership of land, and even the political management of the country will pass to the most capable.

In the East, especially the extreme Eastern States, we see the converse. Asiatic labor does not trouble Maine, nor in any other part of the United States does it interfere with pursuits efficiently conducted by our own people. Forty years ago, when laundry work in this country was done in

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a slovenly manner, Chinamen came in and introduced a great improvement in the art; but after a while our own people took up the business and have displaced the Chinese. When the native-born will cook their food, gather their fruit, clear the land, and do their housework, then the problem of the "yellow peril" will find a solution.

OBSERVER.

San Francisco, February 12.

THE DISPUTE AS TO HETCH HETCHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of February 18, Warren Olney replies to my letter on the use of the Hetch Hetchy Valley as a storage reservoir. We differ radically upon the facts, and our difficulty in the East is that no two of our California friends, as the correspondence in your columns plainly proves, seem to be able to agree upon what the facts are. I may point out that Frederick P. Stearns, chief engineer of the Boston Metropolitan Water System, in the *Journal of the Association of Engineering Societies* for December last, gives it as his opinion that the nearby supply is far preferable, both in cost and quality, to the Tuolumne. Mr. Olney reiterates that San Francisco must go to the Tuolumne, because the waters of "all other streams" are already monopolized, and yet he was present at the hearing in Washington when Mr. Englebright, the member of Congress in whose district Hetch Hetchy lies, called attention to the middle fork of the Yuba River, where 100,000,000 gallons a day can be had, and where the water is now "used for nothing."

The situation has now been admirably summed up by Herbert Parsons of New York city, in his report to Congress as a member of the Committee on Public Lands. He says:

> The real difficulty with San Francisco is that it does not wish to consider any other supply. Others might cost more. . . . Certainly, the Federal government is not bound to give up to San Francisco two-fifths of a national park, simply because it is cheaper. Why is it cheaper? It is cheaper because, having been made a national park, it has not been possible for private interests to file upon the water in the same manner that they could have if there had not been a national park. . . . San Francisco now desires to use it for itself by spoiling the very purpose which has made it cheap. . . . Unwilling though I would be to deny to San Francisco and the other cities on the Bay of San Francisco the use of Hetch Hetchy if it was essential . . . for a municipal water supply, . . . I believe that we owe it to all the people to preserve Hetch Hetchy uninterfered with for the use and enjoyment of all the people, and to carry out the policy intended when it was included within the boundaries of the Yosemite National Park.

EDMUND A. WHITMAN.

Cambridge, Mass., February 19.

Notes.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon bring out a new volume of critical essays by Arthur Symons, entitled "The Romantic Movement in English Poetry." The completeness of the work is indicated by the fact that there are appreciations of eighty-six writers who were born in the last eighty years of the eighteenth century. Mr. Symons is at his best in writing of this kind.

There is to be a new "Life of Clarendon," by the Rev. John Willcock, already known for his biography of the Earl of Argyle, Monmouth's friend. Considerable fresh material has been discovered in regard to Clarendon since Lister's "Life" was published.

Some of the difficult problems which the Young Turks have to solve in establishing a constitutional government are shown in Ellsworth Huntington's account of the Turks, Armenians, and Kurds inhabiting the mountainous region of the upper Euphrates and Tigris Rivers. His experiences, as narrated in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February, gave him abundant evidence of the hatred of the three races for each other. Fierce and untractable as are the Kurds, they are, nevertheless, a people of true strength of character; but, being wedded to their patriarchal system of rule, they are a menace to the reform movement. Additional information in regard to Asiatic Turkey is to be found in the profusely illustrated account of the Damascus-Mecca Railway and in the series of quaint pictures of the people and country.

The January issue of the *American Journal of International Law* opens with a 45-page paper by Prof. Paul S. Reinsch, University of Wisconsin, on "International Administrative Law and National Sovereignty." He considers the status of such organizations as the Postal Union, the Sugar Commission, and the International Institute of Agriculture. Another important paper, by Prof. J. S. Reeves of Dartmouth, discusses the origin of the Congo Free State from an international point of view; and the Supplement of Official Documents accompanying this number gives about ninety pages to treaties, conventions, etc., relating to the Congo. Mr. Crocker's Chronicle of Current Events shows a remarkable series of treaties, agreements, and conventions that provide for arbitration between nations. It gives the impression that the entering into such agreements is decidedly on the increase. Among other matters are the notes that passed between the Japanese minister and Secretary Root last November, expressing, in very specific terms, the pacific disposition of the two nations toward each other.

Lovers of Lafcadio Hearn will be glad to know that his translation of Théophile Gautier has been reprinted as a volume in the World's Story Tellers (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Another new volume in this series contains "The Cremona Violin" and "Mademoiselle de Scudéry" of E. T. W. Hoffmann. To each book the editor, Arthur Ransome, contributes an introductory essay.

The chief aim of G. D. Oswell, author of "Sketches of Rulers of India" (Henry Frowde), is to demonstrate the principles on which the English administer India. This he does by giving the salient facts in the careers of some of the most distinguished civilians and soldiers. He condenses his sketches so that they may be used as lectures in schools and colleges, especially, no doubt, in India. In the first volume he confines himself to the era of the mutiny, the accounts of Dalhousie, Canning, John Lawrence, and Mayo showing the governor-general's work during that trying period. The suppression of the revolt is described in the lives of the great commanders Clyde, Strathnairn, Henry Lawrence, Nicholson, and Havelock. Interspersed in the narratives are some of the most striking incidents of those days, deeds of unsurpassed heroism and self-sacrifice at the call of duty which cannot fail to appeal to young men of every country. Though all the leaders impressed upon their subordinates the one preëminent duty of seeking the welfare of all the people, the despised outcast no less than the Brahman, and of understanding their needs and the best methods of governing them, the sketch of Lord Mayo shows most forcibly how a viceroy acted up to his own instructions. Another hero, John Nicholson, for his devotion to the people, was not only respected, but, in the true sense of the word, adored. He was raised to the position of a demi-god, and "a new cult arose called the cult of Nikal Seyn." In fact, on the tombstones of all the men of this volume might have been engraved, with only a change of name, the epitaph of the hero of Lucknow: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." The period, 1786-1856, during which India was freed from the chronic anarchy which had prevailed for centuries through the raids and wars between the states, is described in the third volume of the series. The principal leaders of this conquering and organizing time were the great legislators, Cornwallis, of Yorktown memory, and Bentinck, and the distinguished soldiers Wellesley and Hastings. The noteworthy incidents of their careers are given, as well as those of Amherst, Auckland, and Hardinge. Though there are not so many exciting episodes and heroic deeds narrated as in the first volume, yet in some respects it has a higher value in that it shows the great race and governmental problems forced on these men and their success or failure in solving them. Some famous incidents of Indian history are the subject of the fourth volume, beginning with the reign of the Buddhist monk and Emperor, Asoka, 272 B. C., and closing with the Sikh ruler, 1780-1839, Ranjit Singh. The rise of the Mogul Empire is told in the sketches of Bábar and Akbar, the greatest of India's foreign rulers, and its decay in the reign of the "great Puritan of India," Aurangzib. The Hindu reconquest under Scindia is described, and the struggle with Haidar Ali and Tipu Sultan, 1717-1799, the leaders of the southern Mohammedans. Here again as in the other volumes, a wise choice of interesting incidents and anecdotes gives a vivid personality to the subjects of the various skeaches. Considering the educational aim of the work it is strange that none of the volumes contains maps or indexes.

We cannot guess to what sort of readers Edgcumbe Staley would address his book, "The Tragedies of the Medici" (New York: imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). It is plentifully equipped with adulteries, stranglings, stabbings, and poisonings; but the messenger boy or the shopgirl who devours stories of crime will turn rather to the yellow dailies or to the successors of the dime novel than to Mr. Staley's expensive pages. A verbatim report of the Thaw trial beats these somewhat antiquated crimes hollow. The renaissance murderers had no "brain-storm," and they usually went about their business with a directness and precision that would have given a criminal lawyer little scope to

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display his ingenuity. There is in these stories just enough historical allusion to frighten readers who are in search of thrills; while on the other hand, there is not a page which the searcher for historic facts would dare to accept as trustworthy. For Mr. Staley indulges in astonishing flights of rhetoric and romance. He describes ladies whose husbands' "love ceased to peep into" their heart; he tells of "two virgin souls . . . winging their flight to join their murdered sister Maria in the Paradise of Peace"; he assures us that "romantic attachments, full of thrilling pathos, ran then like golden threads through the vulgar warp and web of woe and death." In other words, there is too much of the trappings of cheap fiction for the historical reader, and too much genealogy and pseudo-history for the lover of shilling shockers. The illustrations, chiefly portraits of the Medici, are well chosen, and remind us that the greatest of the renaissance families in Italy was also the ugliest.

Lina Duff Gordon (Mrs. Aubrey Waterfield) has produced a charming book in "Home Life in Italy" (The Macmillan Co.). It is evidently based on letters, touched up and amplified where necessary, but keeping the freshness of a sympathetic, observant woman's correspondence. She is one of the few English who not only live in Italy, but penetrate into the life of the natives. She had an old country castle near Carrara, and saw intimately the peasants and villagers, and occasionally the more conventional dwellers in the towns. So her pictures are life-like, and they are drawn of folk that have been unspoiled by foreigners. She mingles everyday scenes with the humor, and sometimes with the tragedy, which seems never far off in Italy. From her, the stranger can learn how hard the life of the lower classes is, and how naïve and sympathetic they are, with all their faults. Such chapters as those on the Evil Eye and Messer il Diavolo go deeper, and leave one wondering at the persistence of Pagan legacies and at the strange mixture of fetich worship and Catholicism of which the popular religion is compounded. But Mrs. Waterfield shows us all sides without prejudice or controversy, and with unfailing good humor. Here is the best book of the kind we have seen for a long time.

In the production of serious, scholarly works on Dante, England keeps well abreast of Italy. Even if the poet had really visited Oxford, as some have believed, his memory could hardly be more cherished there. Gratifying evidence of his ever growing popularity on English soil is afforded by a new, revised edition—after eight years—of William Warren Vernon's "Readings on the Paradiso of Dante" (The Macmillan Co.), in two stout volumes. The general plan of the book is unchanged: it consists of a discursive paraphrase of the poem (following the method of Benvenuto da Imola), interlarded with the original text, in small bits, with prose translation, and accompanied by copious footnotes. It might seem, perhaps, to the ordinary reader that the poetry was almost submerged in the commentary; but the "Paradiso" certainly demands a deal of explanation, and the matter presented is all so interesting that one would be reluctant to discard any part of it. In the second edition, numerous improvements of detail have been made in the light of recent studies, and a section on the Bargello portrait has been added to the preliminary chapter. An excellent index concludes the second volume.

In "The Niagara River" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Prof. Archer Butler Hulbert offers a literary treatment sufficiently elaborate, one would say, for the Nile. He admits, however, in his preface, following Mr. Howells in candor, that he has not succeeded in the attempt to remain "overpowered" by the magnificence of the cataract and the rapids during the entire two or three years he has been preparing the book; and the sanity thus admitted into the work goes far towards making it worth while. There is a good résumé of the movement to protect the scenery about the falls, a discussion of the entire question of utilizing the water power, and a history of the Niagara frontier. Perhaps the most readable chapter is the one on "Niagara Cranks," beginning with Blondin, the tightrope walker. There is less quotation than one expects from Niagara literature. Some of the views are excellent.

The first volume of Edward Westermarck's "Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas" (reviewed in the *Nation* of June 13, 1907, p. 545) gave his theory of the nature and origin of the moral emotions, and described customs of homicide (including human sacrifice), the duel, charity, and hospitality, and the subjection of various classes of human beings. The second volume (the Macmillan Co.) treats of the right of property, regard for truth and good faith, altruistic sentiments, suicide, industry, ascetic practices, the relations between the sexes, regard for the lower animals and for the dead, cannibalism, and the relation of gods to morality. The characteristics of the first volume appear also in the second: astounding profusion of examples (always with precise references to authorities), clearness and ease of presentation, broad sympathy, accuracy of discrimination, and soundness of judgment. Ethical practices and ideas are traced from the lowest communities to the highest, with the result that the elementary moral sentiments and usages appear to be the same in all stages of society, social progress consisting in an increasing limitation and depression of the bestial impulses and a rational definition and expansion of the better instincts. The work is an impressive survey of the ethical history of man; the mass of facts is enormous, and, while most of them are familiar to general readers on the subject, some of them, as, for example, those relating to homosexual relations, will be new to all but specialists. A desideratum in the work is a clear exhibition of the development of ethical ideals, and for this reason L. T. Hobhouse's "Morals in Evolution" (see the *Nation* of June 20, 1907, p. 568) will be found useful as complementary to Westermarck's discussion. At the close of the present volume the author restates and illustrates further his theory that moral concepts are ultimately based on emotions of indignation or approval, and that these are always retributive. His position is thus sharply opposed to theories of the transcendental origin of ethical feeling, which, at the same time, he regards as having its root in human nature and as being an indestructible element of human life. The proof of this position is furnished by the facts he adduces; the conclusions are left to the reader to make. It need hardly be added that his view is compatible with a theistic conception of the world, though it does not enter into the plan of his work to insist on this point. What he does set forth clearly is the actual course of human experience—ultimate forces he does not consider.

In "Luke, the Physician" Prof. William M. Ramsay has chosen for the title of a miscellaneous collection of essays on the history of religion the subject of one of the least of the dozen papers comprising the volume (A. C. Armstrong & Son). Doubtless the popular interest is greatest in what Professor Ramsay has to say as a critic of Harnack, whose volume of the same name he reviews in the first essay; but in this field he has less of first-hand information to contribute, his conclusions are more largely founded on doubtful deductions, and his well-known prejudices come most prominently to view. In brief, his argument is that, since the book of Acts is found to embody authentic facts as to political, social, and religious conditions in Asia Minor in the Pauline era, facts which have been strikingly confirmed by recent archæological discoveries, therefore Luke is a trustworthy historian of personal affairs and spiritual movements in apostolic Christianity. One does not need to question Professor Ramsay's archæological accuracy, or the value of his investigations in the geography and history of Asia Minor, to stumble somewhat at his conclusions concerning matters on which literary documents are our only source of information, to be tested, therefore, by literary criticism. A learned archæologist may be a most indiscreet historian. The bias of Professor Ramsay's estimate of Luke, however, does not detract from the great value of his careful descriptions of the physical conditions of Asia Minor and their influence on its political and religious history, nor from the indebtedness under which all students are placed by his study of the monuments and inscriptions of that interesting meeting-place of East and West. The essays, "Asia Minor: the Country and Its Religion," "The Peasant God; the Creation, Destruction, and Restoration of Agriculture in Asia Minor," and "The Church of Lycaonia in the Fourth Century," are productions of a patient and experienced explorer, and a brilliant, if not always cautious, scholar. It is a pity that these papers could not have been expanded into a volume on the historical geography of Asia Minor. Side by side with essays which approve the assignment of dates of the parables by their references to the weather, they will hardly pass for their true worth.

The Newark, N. J., Public Library has begun the issue of a series of handbooks on American Library Economy, setting forth in detail the methods and tools in operation in that library (Woodstock, Vt.: Elm Tree Press). The first of the series, treating the work of the registration desk, gives in 32 pages the fullest exposition of the function of this department that has yet appeared. Copies may be obtained from the publishers.

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Of all the library aids, numbering twenty-five or more, that have been published by the American Library Association, it is said that only two have proved financially profitable, "Subject Readings for a Dictionary Catalogue" and Kroeger's "Guide to the Study and Use of Reference Books." The first edition of this latter work appeared in 1902, consisting of a classified, annotated list of all the more important reference works in the English language. At the close of each year since 1902 Miss Kroeger has prepared and published in the *Library Journal* a similar list of the important reference works issued during the year. These supplementary lists have now been consolidated with the original in a new edition containing about a third more material than the old. A valuable feature of both editions is the analytical index, indicating the best source for information on many difficult or obscure subjects.

"The History of the New York Society Library," by Austin Baxter Keep (De Vinne Press), an elaborate and sumptuous work, was projected five years ago, when the Society Library celebrated the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The volume, containing 607 pages, is itself sufficient explanation of the time taken to complete the undertaking. Had the subject been one of national importance or interest, sources could not have been studied more carefully. No less than one hundred and sixty different authorities are cited or quoted in the body of the work, some accessible only in foreign archives. Moreover, Mr. Keep has brought to his task a good style, a mastery of historic method, and an engaging enthusiasm. But for all his literary skill and his long array of facts and personages, one is conscious throughout the narrative that there is something decidedly artificial about it all—that the author is engaged in a kind of *tour de force* to lend interest and importance to events which, after all, have no great significance, and which therefore appeal chiefly to those whose ancestors are named in these annals.

From "The Primitive Aryans of America," by T. S. Denison of Chicago, author and publisher, one may learn that "wig-wam" and Latin "vicus," "clan," and Sanskrit "kulu" (family), Mexican "chica" and Sanskrit "adhika" are cognates; that "*skye*-terrier" is comparable with "ska-ha" (dog, in a Puget Sound dialect); that "Mexitli" "is beyond any reasonable doubt simply the Persian Ahura-*Mazda*"; that "Tla-loc" is "In-draloka"; and that another Vedic deity, Pushan, is immortalized anew in "Pushita," the name of an Ohio township. In deriving "Chichi-meca" from Mexican "*chi*," Sanskrit "*dhi*," and explaining it as "pious or brave people," Mr. Denison has modestly omitted to compare the obvious cognate Chicago. His modesty is indeed as great as his bravery. "Where others have held back I have boldly entered," he says, yet he adds immediately, "I am but a pioneer and others may improve my work." We venture to doubt this. Room may be found for additions, but could any one improve on the suggestion that Manitou is connected with Babylonian Anu, that Mexican Ipal is Babylonian Bel, or that Vedic Aditi is "teteo innan, mother of the gods"? Nevertheless, much is due to exceptional advantages, and it is only fair to other scholars, who have failed to find all these good things, to add that Mr. Denison, in preparing his Hindu and Babylonian parallels, has had the unique privilege of using a book hitherto unknown, "The Religions of India, by Morris Jastrow, jr." We had supposed the only work of that title was by E. W. Hopkins.

"Frau Pauline Brater: Lebensbild einer deutschen Frau" (Munich: C. H. Beck), by Agnes Sapper, is one of those portraits of a type, which through their intimate details and historic background become almost as important as a document. This book is the life of a daughter of Wilhelm Pfaff, professor of mathematics and Sanskrit scholar in Erlangen, who should be remembered as Rückert's collaborator in the translation of "Nal und Damajanti." As the wife of Karl Brater, prominent in journalism and politics of Bavaria, she was brought into contact with eminent men and women and rose to be a power in her little circle by her independence of judgment and steadfastness of purpose.

One of the most singular of recent German books is an anthology of poems, "Poesie im Zuchthaus: Gedichte von Verbrechern," collected and edited by Dr. Johannes Jäger, a prison-chaplain in Amberg (Stuttgart: Max Kielmann), which furnishes ample material for the student of crimes and criminals.

The Hilfe publication house, Berlin, has begun a new series, Moderne Philosophie, under the editorship of Dr. Max Apel. The first volume, "Die Weltanschauung Haeckels," discusses principally the Jena zoölogist's relation to such scholars as Darwin, Virchow, Du Bois Reymond, Kant, and Spinoza. The second volume is a "Kleines philosophisches Wörterbuch," by Rudolf Odebrecht; and the third, by Walter Goldschmidt, "Der Wert des Lebens," treats of the happiness or misery of such men as Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Wagner, Lord Byron, Heine, and Lenau. A fourth volume is announced on Darwin by six German specialists.

An interesting biography and just vindication of the much maligned wife of Frederick the Great, and therefore a desirable contribution to the history of Prussia in the eighteenth century, is Eufemia von Adlersfeld-Ballestrem's volume of 219 pages (Berlin: A. Schall), entitled "Elisabeth Christine, Königin von Preussen, Herzogin von Braunschweig-Lüneburg: Das Lebensbild einer Verkannten." It is well known that Frederick as crown-prince was wholly unappreciated and brutally treated by his father, who forced him to marry the young Duchess of Brunswick without consulting him or even seeking to obtain his consent. This dictatorial procedure in such a delicate personal matter naturally excited a decided aversion to the bride, a feeling which was sedulously fostered by the British faction at court, who wished to have him wed an English princess, and spoke with contempt of Christine as "an ugly and stupid bigot." In a letter to Gen. Grumbkow, Frederick wrote that his betrothed would be "the most unhappy princess in the world." Four years after his marriage he confessed to the Austrian ambassador, Seckendorf, that she had a gentle disposition, pleasing manners, and fine mental qualities, which caused her to take a lively interest in his intellectual pursuits. On his death-bed he declared that she had always been kind and sympathetic and that her preëminent virtue entitled her to reverence and love. This recognition of her noble traits renders his cold and cruel treatment of her for more than fifty years almost inexplicable. He condemned her to a lonely and isolated life and even excluded her from the court festivities in which she should have taken the principal part. As a compensation for this ruin of her domestic and social career as queen she devoted herself to literary work and published in French several volumes of genial meditations and reflections on human affairs. The present biography is the result of thorough research, including, among other sources of information, the letters of Queen Elisabeth Christine to her brother Karl, now preserved in the archives of Brunswick. In this connection we may state that Eufemia von Adlersfeld-Ballestrem is the author of several biographical and historical works and is also distinguished as a writer of German fiction. Her numerous novels, all of which have passed through several editions, are very popular and remarkable for psychological insight and a fine sense of humor.

The Prussian Academy of Sciences in Berlin has, through its philosophico-historical section, voted the sum of 2,500 marks toward defraying the expenses of publishing the new edition of the Septuagint, which the German academies have decided to bring out jointly, and which is now in process of preparation.

Prof. Alfred Bertholet of the University of Basel, in "Das religionsgeschichtliche Problem des Spätjudentums," the latest addition to the series Sammlung gemeinverständlicher Vorträge und Schriften (Tübingen: J. C. B. Mohr), discusses the religious beliefs in the last years of the national life of Israel. He explains that, notwithstanding the exclusive character of post-Exilic Judaism, Israel yet received from other religions a large number of ideas, and accepted them voluntarily and knowingly, and not unconsciously, as Professor Gunkel and others have tried to show. The book is an interesting chapter on the historical background of the New Testament.

Prof. Louis Havet, the Latinist of Paris, recently celebrated his sixtieth birthday, on which occasion thirty-six of his pupils and friends joined in the publication of a volume of investigations in the departments of philology and literature, "Philologie et linguistique: Mélanges offerts à Louis Havet par ses anciens élèves et ses amis" (Paris: Hachette et Cie.).

The "Selected Poems of Pierre de Ronsard" have been well chosen by St. John Lucas and published in delightful form by the Oxford University Press. Of all poets Ronsard needs most to have his spontaneous living work set apart from his endless machine-made verse. Writing before the critical spirit was matured, he has at his best the advantage of a naïve freshness, and at his worst the dulness of unchecked prolixity. Due consideration of this mixture of qualities ought to have prevented Mr. Lucas from making an ungracious fling at Malherbe and Boileau in his otherwise excellent introduction. It is quite true that the

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former by example, and the latter by precept, fostered a school of writing in which Ronsard's naïveté is the last quality to be found, but they also made it less excusable for a poet to ramble endlessly and aimlessly in verse. To each age its virtue, as each age follows the art it knows. Ronsard was by no means spontaneous by deliberate choice, but was really eager to introduce critical canons into French poetry. Ease like his in the days of Racine, when that criticism was fully developed, would have meant, not graceful spontaneity, but rude indifference to art. Malherbe and Boileau were simply criticising the old method as it worked in their own age. To sneer at their lack of the historic sense is to repeat their error to-day. However, this is but a small point in Mr. Lucas's introduction. The story of Ronsard's life, the analysis of the mediæval and renaissance elements in his poetry, and the brief account of the Pleiad are excellently written in exceptionally good English.

A beautiful book, in which art and scholarship have vied to good purpose, is "Lirica Italiana nel Cinquecento e nel Seicento fino all'Arcadia," edited by Eugenia Levi (Florence: Leo S. Olschki). It contains some 400 lyrics, 70 illustrations, and nearly 40 pieces of music. The illustrations are photogravures of famous paintings, or reproductions of drawings, etchings, and engravings. The music scores, many hitherto inedited or unearthed from forgotten collections, add greatly to one's appreciation of the madrigals, *frottole*, and other lyrics which were written to be sung. Signorina Levi has added brief notes, bibliographical as well as critical, together with the dates of composition, and the opinions of well-known art critics on the paintings and drawings. The choice of poems is equally satisfactory. She seems to have overlooked nothing: with the result that, besides the selections which are found in almost every anthology, there are many rare and many novel pieces. Some of these last she has drawn from manuscript copies. Nor has she scorned dialects. Some of the most striking minor poems, like the "Perchè miseru mia, perchè ristai?" (p. 260) of Bishop Rau, are in Sicilian. The great names—Tasso, Ariosto, Chiabrera (the forerunner of Herrick), Trissino, and Caro—are well represented; and the effect produced by them is of a sophisticated and highly cultivated society, amid which passions and emotions even—so far as lyric poetry can utter them—are sinking into conventionality. But Michelangelo's poignant and beautiful laments redeem much that is conventional; and scattered through the volume are many other genuine outbursts, less powerful, but not less natural, than his. The book is small and convenient in size, beautifully printed, on real paper, and bound in parchment—a fine specimen of what an artist-printer can do to supplement and exhibit the taste of an artist-editor. (Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.)

A contribution to the Ghazal literature is furnished by the convenient edition of the Persian text of "Baki's Diwan," prepared by Prof. Rudolf Dvorak of the University of Prague (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The text is based on the manuscripts of Leyden, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna; various readings are given, but there is no account of the manuscripts or of the author, and there are no philological notes.

The committee of award has announced its decisions in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx contest for 1908 as follows: The first prize of $1,000, to Prof. Oscar D. Skelton, for a paper entitled "The Case against Socialism"; the second prize of $500 to Mrs. Emily Fogg Meade for "The Agricultural Resources of the United States." Among the contributions restricted to college undergraduates, the first prize of $300 was won by A. E. Pinanski, Harvard, 1908, for "The Street Railway of Metropolitan Boston," and the second prize of $150, by William Shea, Cornell, 1909, for "The Case against Socialism."

The Verdun Prize (3,000 marks and a gold medal), which every five years is awarded to that scholar who has, in the past half decade, made the most notable addition to German historical literature, was recently given to Dr. S. von Riezler of Munich, in recognition of his "Geschichte Bayerns."

The historian, Dr. E. Gagliardi, in cataloguing the manuscripts of the city library in Zurich, has found a valuable Reformation Chronicle, by a Swiss writer of the sixteenth century, Johannes Stumpff, a confidential friend of Zwingli. The manuscript, composed between 1535 and 1538, covers 600 closely packed pages.

Carroll Davidson Wright, president of Clark College, died February 20, at the age of sixty-eight. He began the study of law, but was soon drawn from this into the Union army by the civil war, where he rose to the rank of colonel. After the war he settled in Boston, serving in the Massachusetts State Senate in 1872-3, and acting as chief of the State Bureau of the Statistics of Labor until 1888. Meanwhile he was appointed in 1880 supervisor of the United States census for Massachusetts, and in 1885 Commissioner of Labor, retaining this national office until 1905. During this time he also directed the eleventh United States census, 1893-7. In 1902 he accepted the presidency of Clark College, Worcester, Mass. Besides many pamphlets and monographs on social and economic topics, he has to his credit a considerable number of books: "The Factory System of the United States" (1880), "Relation of Political Economy to the Labor Question" (1882), "The Social, Commercial, and Manufacturing Statistics of the City of Boston" (1882), "History of Wages and Prices in Massachusetts, 1752-1883" (1885), "The Industrial Evolution of the United States" (1887), "The Public Records of Parishes, Towns, and Counties in Massachusetts" (1889), "Outline of Practical Sociology" (1899), and "Battles of Labor" (1906).

From Torquay is reported the death of H. R. Fox Bourne, a well-known editorial writer of London. Besides his journalistic work he published a number of books on commerce and trade, a history of "English Newspapers" (2 vols., 1887), and a life of "Sir Philip Sidney" in the Heroes of the Nations Series (1891). Of late years his principal interest had been in the native races of Africa, as shown by the titles of his books: "The Other Side of the Emin Pasha Expedition" (1891), "Matabeleland and the Chartered Company" (1897), "The Bechuana Troubles" (1898), "Blacks and Whites in South Africa" (second ed., 1900), and "Civilization in Congoland: a Story of International Wrongdoing" (1903).

Dr. Johann von Kelle, professor of the German language and literature in the German University of Prague, has died at the age of eighty. His chief work is the edition, with translation and glossary, of "Otfrid's Evangelienbücher," on which he was engaged from 1857 to 1883. Besides this he published "Speculum Ecclesiæ Altdeutsch" and "Geschichte der deutschen Literatur von der ältesten Zeit bis zum dreizehnten Jahrhundert."

THE SOURCE OF "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

The Old Yellow Book: Source of Browning's "The Ring and the Book," in complete photo-reproduction, with translation, essay, and notes, by Charles W. Hodell. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

The story of the Old Yellow Book and of its transmutation into the greatest of Browning's poems is itself one of the romances of literature. As Professor Hodell rightly observes, we have here an incident comparable to the use of the old Italian story-books by the Elizabethan dramatists, with the added interest that in the modern instance all the details are before us, and there is no possibility that some other source unknown to us was employed by the poet. Outside of this collection of legal documents bearing on the Roman murder trial of 1698, which were bound together at the time by some one apparently friendly to the accused—outside of this and one or two other documents, all of which are here reproduced, there was no other source. We know, too, just how the poet found the long-forgotten volume amid the rubbish of a market barrow that day in June, 1860; how he read it through with absorbed attention, laid it aside for five years, and then, from 1865 to 1868, set himself to converting its mass of legal pedantries into a living human drama. That process of alchemy can now be followed step by step, although, paradoxically speaking, the real mystery of the transmutation may seem more remote than ever.

By the kindness of Balliol College, Oxford, where the book was deposited after Browning's death, Mr. Hodell has been permitted to publish a complete photographic facsimile of the documents. To this he has added a translation, which saves the labor of drudging through the crabbed Latin and Italian (though minute exactness will require frequent reference back to the originals), together with explanatory material of his own. The plan of the work can be heartily commended. To facilitate comparison he has prepared a series of topical notes, focussing, by refer-

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ence to page and line, all the corresponding matter in The Yellow Book and the poem. At any point in the text of the book or of Mr. Hodell's essay all the corroborative or contradictory passages may be found by turning to the indicated note. To enable one, while reading "The Ring and the Book," to reach the same material, a full alphabetical index is given, besides a "Line Index to Annotations." Thus, to take an example, one is reading the "Caponsacchi" and stops at the lines:

There she stood—leaned there, for the second time,
Over the terrace, looked at me, then spoke:
"Why is it you have suffered me to stay
Breaking my heart two days more than was need?"

What authority, one asks, had Browning for interposing this delay of two days? By means of the "Line Index" and note one finds there is only a single allusion in the "Yellow Book" (Francesca's Deposition, p. 71) to the delay:

Then he told me he would secure the carriage, and when that had been arranged he would give me a signal by letting his handkerchief fall in passing before our house, as he had done before. But the next day went by, and although I stood at the blinds, he did not give the signal. When the day following had also passed, I spoke to him again as above, and complained to him that he had broken the word he had given me. And he excused himself, saying that he had not found a carriage in Arezzo. I answered him that, at any rate, he should have procured one from outside, as he promised to do.

On this point Professor Hodell here remarks that "Browning has made this delay of two days [which plays no further part in the documents] take a profound meaning in the life of his hero, a time of rapid growth to the full stature of Christian heroism." Following the editor's reference to "The Ring and the Book," vi, 937-1,062, we read:

In rushed new things, the old were rapt away;
Alike abolished—the imprisonment
Of the outside air, the inside weight o' the world
That pulled me down. . . .
Sirs, I obeyed. Obedience was too strange—
This new thing that had been struck into me
By the look o' the lady,—to dare disobey
The first authoritative word. 'Twas God's.

For this spiritual struggle and conversion there is not a word in the documents, and indeed it is not likely that any Italian of Caponsacchi's day would have felt the kind of conflict described by Browning between the dead service of the church and the living inspiration heard in a woman's words. And following the scene in the poem a few lines further, we find that in place of the simple excuse of the document, "He had not found a carriage in Arezzo," Browning's hero indulges in such general language as this:

. . . Lady, waste no thought, no word
Even to forgive me! Care for what I care—
Only! Now follow me as I were fate!

So, step by step, we get a notion of Browning's method; we learn that the hero of the poem is not quite the Caponsacchi of the documents, and, being curious to see how far this transformation extends, we turn to the Subject-Index, where, by means of the references *s. v. Caponsacchi*, we can answer the question in all its details. And, by an extension of the same process, the whole creation of the poem is laid before us.

In his Essay Mr. Hodell has summed up the substance of the matter with considerable skill, although not every one will go with him in his excessive admiration for Browning, or set the emphasis just as he sets it. Thus, to magnify the poet's creative genius, he speaks of the Yellow Book as "a mass of chaotic, unpromising material"; it seems to us, on the contrary, as it seemed to Browning himself, that no more splendid material has often fallen into a poet's hands. It is no doubt chaotic in form, but the story within is palpitating with life and offers a plot at once novel and susceptible of the most passionate development. One cannot read through the works of Tennyson without feeling how desperately he was driven to find suitable themes and how often he fails simply because his theme was trivial. After all, as Aristotle said long ago in good Greek, the plot's the thing; and Browning in stumbling on his Yellow Book was lucky beyond the fortune of his brothers. This is not to belittle his genius, if a large part of genius is just the cunning to wring all its capabilities from chance.

Of Browning's skill in manipulating the incidents of his story there can be no doubt; but in regard to the so-called spiritual element added by him, we are not quite so sure as is the editor. Browning himself, to take one instance, has said of his Francesca Pompilia: "She is just as I found her in the Book." Now, Mr. Hodell cannot find her in the Book, save perhaps in the evidence of Fra Celestino, who ministered to her while dying. For our part, with some knowledge of the priestly habit of magnifying the sanctity of death-bed scenes, we fail to recognize even there the poet's "lily-thing to frighten at a bruise." As we read the documents, she appears a good-looking but fairly commonplace young woman, not over-sensitive or nice, who was driven to desperation by a brutal husband. Her transformation into the saint, as Caponsacchi's change to the love-rapt champion, is wholly the poet's work—his own creative impulse, we take it, rather than any deeper insight into the facts of the actual case. The poetic value of this transmutation, including the whole motive of the "Platonic" love between the two runaways, will be accepted by most readers, as it is by Mr. Hodell, without a question. After some pondering over the original story, as we now have it, we cannot escape a certain doubt. At least it would be interesting to see that renaissance story treated in the full human manner of the renaissance used by Shakespeare for his "Romeo and Juliet" and other Italian plays. We confess the heresy of finding some of Browning's "spiritual" interpretation not quite true to spirit or flesh. But that is a matter of the personal equation, and Mr. Hodell will have the majority on his side.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Pulse of Life. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Never was a book more unluckily named; the title serves as a perpetual reminder of just what this long, solid, carefully written novel lacks—the pulse of life. The principal characters are only four, and we are told a great deal about them; they are moved about and lighted up from various points of view, but they never move of themselves. Sabine, the Austrian Archduchess, fleeing from a repulsive marriage, is a delicately tinted replica—a miniature in water-colors—of the youthful Marie Antoinette, easily visualized by the reader on account of this frequently mentioned likeness, but without individuality of her own. Francis Domville, heir of an ancient and impoverished Catholic family, wears the costume of Count Fersen when he falls in love with her, and continues to play the part. The atmosphere of a fancy-dress ball, in fact, surrounds this couple throughout, and airs from Ruritania—though that kingdom is expressly ruled off the author's map—play about their graceful forms. A shade more of interest attaches to the second couple, whose fortunes, by the way, are quite unrelated to those of the first by any but the arbitrary ties of blood-relationship. Anne Leycester, gentle, *recueillie*, endowed with a mysterious gift of healing, and silently enduring the long strain of an unselfish, undemanding love, is a gracious and touching, if somewhat dimly outlined, figure; and there is something tragic, even perversely noble, in the equally unselfish but passionate and ruinous devotion of the object of her tenderness, her Russian cousin, Paul Feyghine, to a heartless little dancer, evidently studied from the portrait, at least, of "Carmencita."

A clever realist would make us know these characters intimately; a vigorous romancer would at least make them *do* something, might even so thrill us by their emotional and dramatic life that they would pass with us for real. Mrs. Lowndes can do neither; her story does

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not "march"; with all its elaboration of detail it remains a preparatory sketch —*mémoires à servir*. The one successful bit of portraiture is the character-sketch, slightly caricatured one may hope, of a Russian grand duke. The combination of the primitive animalism of the man with the artificial but undeniable dignity of the personage is cleverly accomplished and remains easily the most memorable thing in the book.

The Passer-By. By Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The way of the transgressor is hard. Hard too is the way of the reader who has to accompany the transgressor "as she is written" in modern fiction. Her sins are so detailed! Her conversion so incidental to the main current! And the sins of the party or parties of the second part are so prominent that the loftiest flights of reasoning and rectitude achieved intermittently by parties of the third part do not avail to color the production as a whole. In this story a Russian saves the situation, and succeeds in holding back from a precipice the chameleon who figures as heroine, with a "spell of affinity" for A., and a "chain of affinity" for B., her husband being F. It is true, too, that this Russian renounces his own chances of felicity. Therefore, any objector to the book could well be answered that decency asserts itself in the end. Remains the fact that the end is only a small part of the story.

In the school readers of our fathers, there flourished a certain Orator Puff, who had two tones in his voice. The same richness may be found in the style of Prince Troubetzkoy's book. At times, the text is set to the terse, curt, monosyllabic scale of Russian fiction. At other times, under the spell of "the gracility of adolescence," or "accidental exteriority," or "supreme acuity," or of trying to "congruously deviate the conversation," the reader, in fancy's eye, sees the Sunny South, flowering lushly, and invaded by the dictionary. And he turns back to the dedication:

> To you Amélie, who wrote "Augustine the Man," I dedicate this book because it is due to you as the light is due to the flame.

The Dark Corner. By Zach McGhee. New York: The Grafton Press.

Both within and without this is a little book. Its close fine print is yet neat and clear; its size and shape and weight are of a comforting fitness to the hand. Of its contents something analogous may be said. They are limited and often crude, but there is a reality, a sincerity that impart positive quality. Its naïveté is overtopped by the actual substance. The burlesque humor is forgotten in the real. The tasteless is forgiven for the sake of the genuinely aspiring. It offers a picture of educational conditions, or the lack of them, in a benighted part of the South, where the presence of the school as it existed was worse than its absence. The hero, Jim Thompson, becomes a "perfesser" in a military institute, conducted on principles of arrant quackery. He soon offends the powers of charlatanism and takes his leave. Then moved by pity for the ignorance in a poor white region known as "The Dark Corner," he decides to give up a cherished plan of becoming a lawyer and devotes his life to building up better ideals of education and of living. There is a nice little story of love connected with that of civilizing, and a nice little tale of chivalry to offset extravaganza. There are engaging glimpses of child life, and striking passages of realism from "poor white" life that go far to counteract the elsewhere overdone in manners, customs, and speech. With many rawnesses and roughnesses, it is in some inscrutable way a very likable little story.

The Climber. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Benson evidently believes there is still a serious novel-reading public. He has written a solid book which refuses to be skimmed, and which might even bear a second reading. Yet it exploits no virgin field, has no dubious scene, no purple patches, and no apparent purpose other than the dramatic representation of character. The social group to which most of the persons belong is a cultivated section of the English upper class, or—more democratically speaking—of the "smart set." The Climber, Lucia Grimson, is a near spiritual relative of Mr. Pinero's Iris and Mrs. Wharton's Lily Bart. Living in quiet boredom with her two tea-drinking, patience-playing maiden aunts—capitally drawn and differentiated—she nourishes a dream of luxurious self-realization. She finds her opportunity in the priggishly æsthetic, very correct young Lord Brayton, who is not only affected by her personal charms, but is also persuaded that she can make his home the centre of a "New Set" devoted to a very refined type of culture. This æsthetic lord seeks the beautiful in life and art with curious self-conscious and humorless gravity. Lucia, clear-headed and hard-hearted, conducts a Napoleonic social campaign, winning every battle, fulfilling every self-indulgent desire, till at last real passion touches her. Then, relentlessly, as she took Lord Brayton from her best friend, she takes away her best friend's husband. High tragedy cannot befall the two diversely fervid egotists of the drama; but such disaster as their souls are capable of comes swiftly upon them.

No other novel of Mr. Benson's shows such sobriety and maturity of workmanship. The story moves firmly, harmoniously, if somewhat slowly, forward under the conduct of a critical intelligence. The earlier chapters, indeed, make one a little impatient. The author is in no haste to get into action. He describes his field with excessive particularity as if assured of an attentive hearing. He has the bad habit of explaining the precise significance of every important speech, and he gives the reader a sharp nudge when the speech is clever. He has worked with such laborious conscientiousness that he cannot bear to let any good stroke pass unnoticed. Yet his characters are complexly alive, they develop, and they meet in sharp dramatic conflict. One may detest them all; but they survive the closing of the book.

The Catholic Church in the United States of America: To Celebrate the Golden Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Pius X. Vol. I: The Religious Communities. New York: The Catholic Editing Co.

The publishers of this work, which is to appear in six large folio volumes of 460 pages each, containing in all nearly 7,000 illustrations, have made a strange choice in form. The book is simply impossible to handle on account of its size and weight, and it fits in nowhere in an ordinary room of these flat times of living.

Offered as a history, it must be judged by modern critical standards, and by these this first volume may be set down as a remarkable collection of pictures, valuable and novel in their extent, rather than a record comprehensive in detail, exact in statement, and complete in scope. From the hour that the great-hearted and far-seeing friar of La Rabida put new hope and vigor into the fortunes of the dispirited and dejected Columbus, down to the present time, the religious communities have played a large part in the progress of the Catholic Church here. In this volume the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith devotes a very comprehensive introduction to an exposition of their general history, work, aims, and character. There are now about 5,000 priests, 7,000 lay-brothers, and 56,000 women working in the various Catholic religious communities in the United States. To each group of 3,000 Catholics there are two diocesan priests, one community priest, and nine brothers and nuns. The special work of each religious community, its foundation here, and the extent of the territory and the operations therein, make up the volume. The illustrations consist of portraits of prominent members of these orders and congregations and pictures of institutions under their charge. In going over this list of com-

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munities several serious omissions must be noted. There is no mention of the Fathers of Mercy, the Basilians, or the Servites, for instance, among the men; or of the great foundations of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York, and at Madison, N. J.; or of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Brooklyn, among the women. These probably will be given the space denied them in this volume in one of the succeeding four which are to be devoted to diocesan records.

Dumouriez and the Defence of England against Napoleon. By J. Holland Rose and A. M. Broadley. Illustrated. New York: John Lane Co. $5.00.

The aim of the writers of this volume was twofold: first, to complete the study of the defence of England against Napoleon by an account of the last phase of it, in which Dumouriez took a prominent part; and, second, to offer a life of Dumouriez that should supply a more just estimate of his acts as a public man than had hitherto been written. In carrying out the first purpose they have published in full, occupying about one-third of the volume, a detailed *mémoire*, prepared by Dumouriez in 1803-1804, for the defence of England. The history of this document is most interesting:

> Some four years ago, a French MS. of 397 pages, bound in thick vellum covers strengthened by a metal clasp, came into the possession of Mr. Bertram Dobell, in whose sale catalogue it was described as an "Important Military Manuscript Dealing with the subject of a French invasion of England." The book was purchased by Mr. Broadley, but it was not until the researches for the publication last year of "Napoleon and the Invasion of England" were far advanced, that its present owner became aware of its authorship and important character. It has now been ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, and by external as well as internal evidence, that every word of this MS. is in the handwriting of General Dumouriez, about the earlier part of whose career so much has been written, but of whose twenty years' residence in England so little is known.

Such a discovery was surely sufficient justification for a supplementary volume in which Dumouriez should be the central figure, with special stress laid upon his life in England. Although the detailed plan of defence was not executed, it is a monument to the military science and industry of the writer. It was the most important, but not the only, military document prepared by Dumouriez for the English government during his twenty years' residence in the island. The material found in letters that passed between Dumouriez and prominent Englishmen, such as Pitt, Nelson, Wellington, and others, enables the writers of this volume to furnish us with a valuable new chapter on the life of the famous Frenchman in England, a chapter that places him in a most favorable light, and that undoubtedly led to a study of his earlier career and to the conclusion that he had been much maligned. An attempt to rehabilitate him was, naturally, the next step. To this undertaking, the major part of the volume has been devoted. Whatever we may think of the judgment of the authors upon the conduct of Dumouriez, they have certainly prepared the most satisfactory and complete life of him that has appeared in English.

To those who look upon Dumouriez as a mere adventurer, these later chapters are likely to prove a revelation. The respect shown him by English statesmen, generals, and others prominent in the social life of England, the pension granted to him by the English government, the position that he occupied of military adviser to the government, his employment on important missions, and the favorable opinion of him expressed by those who met him—all this would seem to indicate that he possessed real ability, and suggests the idea that the rôle played in his earlier years was not wholly an accident. What that rôle was it is the aim of the first—and least valuable—part of the volume to show. This portion (pp. 1-215) contains little that is new, and in the handling of evidence leaves much to be desired. This is especially true as to the "Mémoires" of the general upon his early life. Dumouriez was born in 1739; he wrote his "Mémoires" not earlier than 1793. But what can a man of fifty-four recall with certainty about his youth? It tends to discredit a work if the historian persists in stating as fact what is only untrustworthy recollection; yet this is precisely what the authors do, and without the slightest critical reserve, for Dumouriez's first forty years. If no new material could be discovered—and it is not at all certain that something might not be found, if the right places were searched—the matter should be given for nothing more than what it is—Dumouriez's account, probably highly colored, partisan, and more or less inexact.

With 1778, when Dumouriez becomes commandant at Cherbourg, documentary evidence is available to control, to some extent, the recollections of the general. To this evidence the authors add a *mémoire*, prepared by Dumouriez in 1779, on the capture of the Isle of Wight. This period has been studied locally by French historians, and the results of their investigations are here utilized. Upon this passage of their hero's career the authors lay stress, and with good reason; for his work at Cherbourg would seem to justify the statement that the revolution simply offered an opportunity to a man who had already won his spurs. From 1789 to 1793, the only new material consists of two manuscript letters of Dumouriez, but the authors draw upon the latest monographs and the best printed sources.

It should not be forgotten, however, that it is not the purpose of the writers to treat exhaustively the life of Dumouriez, but to describe it fully enough to make clear that he has suffered from his critics. For the severest of them, "as far as his public career up to April, 1793, is concerned, are compelled to admit his courage as a soldier, his sagacity as a strategist, his shrewdness as a diplomatist, his energy as a man of action, his foresight as a statesman, and his high-mindedness in private life. Few Frenchmen of his time were endowed with greater versatility of talent or practical knowledge of nations and languages; but no sooner is the word *traître* uttered than all the rest is at once ignored and blotted out." Lafayette had tried to lead his army against the Assembly, had failed, and fled from the country, but no such odium has ever attached to his name as to that of Dumouriez. The explanation may not be far to seek. Dumouriez offered to place certain French fortresses in the hands of the Austrians; Lafayette committed no such blunder. After 1793, Dumouriez did not return to France; Lafayette did return, and played a prominent rôle in French history until the day of his death. If Dumouriez "erred and failed, it was from impetuosity and presumption." The authors add:

> To depict him as some sleek, designing Jacob, ever intent on his own advancement, even at the cost of the betrayal of his kin, is ludicrously to distort his character. Rather does his restless, brusque, diffuse, and impulsive nature stamp him as an Esau. This it was that turned all parties against him in the months of March-June, 1792, and left him an impecunious outcast in April, 1793. The born intriguer and traitor seeks to ingratiate himself with all factions and ever to keep open a golden bridge for retreat.

The volume is enriched with many fine portraits—among them, six of Dumouriez—photographs of Dumouriez's residences in England, facsimiles of manuscripts, maps, and battle-plans. It is well written, excellently printed, and an important contribution to the literature of the Revolution.

The Æneid of Virgil. Translated into English Verse by Theodore C. Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

A prose translation of the Æneid, it would seem, is best adapted to the needs of our generation, with its demands for historical exactness. It should be an accurate version, with the grace and buoyancy of Prof. J. W. Mackail's renderings of the Eclogues and the Georgics—not that detestable thing, a prose-poem, but real prose with poetic poten-

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cies, prose which with the slightest difference in the handling, would become real poetry. For we have suffered long enough from metrified English Æneids, ranging from pretty poems that are not Virgil to barbarous experiments with barbarous hexameters. H. H. Ballard's recent version in hexameters is not barbarous; in many passages it is surprisingly effective. But whatever further experimentation may produce, the English dactylic hexameter is not an heroic measure; Matthew Arnold in his essay on the translation of Homer proved that it was, only to spoil his proof by giving illustrative renderings. The only English equivalent of the classical hexameter is, as Milton showed once for all, blank verse. But blank verse is a special danger to the translator: since it is the easiest of measures to construct, it most easily lapses into prose.

Mr. Williams has attempted the impossible with high success. He has built the lofty rhyme of blank verse and kept it lofty. His version is essentially exact; few important meanings are lost, and few intruded. The quality is poetic throughout, and the movement is sustained. We have tested the work minutely for important points, and have read large sections at a stretch; it reads. The rendering of a famous passage from Book iv will illustrate the difference between this version and an earlier essay at blank verse, C. P. Cranch's, which, striving for absolute literalness, misses the real goal of translation. This first is Cranch's rendering:

'T was night; when every weary frame was sunk
In placid sleep; when woods and seas were still;
When in their middle courses rolled the stars;
When every field was hushed, and all the flocks,
And all the gay-winged birds, whether they fly
Abroad o'er liquid lakes, or haunt the fields
With bushes rough, in night and sleep reposed.
Cares were smoothed down, and hearts forgot their woes.
But not the unhappy queen. She finds no rest;
Nor with her eyes or heart receives the night.
With double weight her cares increase. Love wakes
Again, and rages, on the swelling tide
Of anger fluctuating.

Mr. Williams turns it thus:

Soon fell the night, and peaceful slumbers breathed
On all earth's weary creatures; the loud seas
And babbling forests entered on repose;
Now midway in their heavenly course the stars
Wheeled silent on; the outspread lands below
Lay voiceless; all the birds of tinted wing,
And flocks that haunt the marge of waters wide
Or keep the thorny wold, oblivious lay
Beneath the night so still; the stings of care
Ceased troubling, and no heart its burden knew.
Not so the Tyrian Queen's deep-grieving soul!
To sleep she could not yield; her eyes and heart
Refused the gift of night; her suffering
Redoubled, and in full returning tide
Her love rebelled, while on wild waves of rage
She drifted to and fro.

Neither translator quite catches Virgil's "oculisve aut pectore noctem accipit," of which Tennyson's "Ever failed to draw the quiet night into her blood" is a brilliant variation. Other defects in detail occur in the new version, but it would be unjust to its high merits to point them out: the vital element is here.

Mr. Williams prefaces his translation with a brief essay on Virgil, with part of which we are forced to disagree. He finds in the poem "a too visible erudition, an unconvincing epic scheme, a perplexed and perplexing hero." How any success is possible for a work with such failings is hard to see, but the failing is rather in the view of the critic. Virgil's epic scheme and the nature of his hero become apparent when we appreciate that he was writing tragedy as well as epic. But Mr. Williams may think what he will of the purpose of the Æneid, if he can give us such a translation as this. It should reveal Virgil's secret to many who hitherto have been kept away by the barrier of a "dead language."

Science.

Notes of a Botanist on the Amazon and Andes. By Richard Spruce; edited and condensed by Alfred Russel Wallace. 2 vols. New York: Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

It is not easy to select from the voluminous notes of a specialist matters which will be of general interest, and the task becomes more difficult when the observations of more than fifty years ago are to be freshened into new life. But Mr. Wallace, who shares with Darwin the distinction of having offered to the scientific world the most stimulating suggestion of modern times, has given to the most special matters a great attractiveness, and he has made them seem like notes taken during the past year instead of half a century ago. Few persons could have done the editing so well. He has chosen the most important and interesting memoranda, and has connected these by luminous comment.

Richard Spruce, born in 1817, received a good but rather desultory education. By the time he was of age he was fitted to act as tutor in a school at Haxby, and a little later he became mathematical tutor in a collegiate school. He had a fair knowledge of Greek and Latin, a good working acquaintance with French, Spanish, and Portuguese, and as explorer he acquired colloquial familiarity with aboriginal languages. Owing to infirm health, he gave much time to outdoor occupations, and fell naturally into the practice of collecting and studying the plants of his native country, Yorkshire. In this work he was very successful, both as an observer and as an identifier of doubtful species. Mosses and their nearest of kin, the liver-mosses, or hepatics, soon became his speciality, in which before long he was an authority. He made a journey of exploration through a part of the Pyrenees, with fruitful results, the most notable of which was the improvement of his health. Finally, he resolved to visit the valley of the Amazon. Arriving in 1849 at Pará, he devoted the next fifteen years to arduous work in collecting plants. With treacherous health and scanty means, he made long journeys and counted all his perils and sufferings as trifles compared with the scientific results obtained. He had a singular knack of getting into serious difficulties and of extricating himself after a fashion, frequently with loss of collections, but seldom with loss of his patience.

The districts explored by Spruce were in part those which were visited by Humboldt, Wallace, and Bates, and which have inspired some of the most vivid descriptions of the luxuriance and prodigality of the tropics. Among these graphic descriptions, some of Spruce's notes deserve a place. Here and there we come upon a hint of the activity of speculation which kept Spruce always on the alert for unusual forms of plants and for exceptional phenomena. For instance, he says:

> A few sorts of trees, including some palms, are supported on exserted . . . roots. . . . In England, an old willow or other tree standing by a river, whose floods have washed away nearly all the earth from its roots, may give an idea of this form; which, however, is constant in many Amazon trees whose roots have never been exposed to denudation by the action of water, whatever may have been the case with the prototypes of those trees. These examples led me to conjecture, at first, that the sapopema form itself might have taken its rise from denudation in the remote ancestors of the existing types of trees; or at least that sapopemas were at first a sort of scaffolding to raise the crown of the root above the reach of inundations: and I am still willing to believe that to this cause their origin may be partly traced (Vol. I, 22).

This was written in 1849. The Wallace and Darwin essays, setting forth the theory of evolution, were not read at the

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Linnean Society in London till 1858. In 1871, after Spruce's return to England, he lost all doubt as to the origination of adaptive and connecting forms, as will be seen by the following quotation from a letter to a correspondent:

I have gone thoroughly over all my South American plagiochilas [certain hepatics], have described all the forms, and have made up my mind as far as possible about the species. The result has been to make me more Darwinian than ever. I feel certain that if we had all the forms now in existence and that have ever existed, of such genera as rubus, asplenium, bryum, and plagiochila, we should be unable to define a single species; the attempt to do so would only be trying to separate what nature never put asunder; but we should see distinctly how certain peculiarities had originated and become (temporarily) fixed by inheritance; and we could trace the unbroken pedigree of every form.

The reader can now understand why Wallace is a sympathetic editor of Spruce's notes.

To botanists the author's notes about plants possess uncommon interest on account of their accuracy and suggestiveness, but the pages devoted to travel and adventure will attract every reader. Spruce passes lightly over all his dangers and discomforts in a surprising manner, and inspires his readers with a strong wish to accompany him in his short excursions into places wholly unexplored. Probably, however, it is the ethnologist who will be likely to gain most information outside of the field of botany. To indicate the author's method of dealing with uncommon matters, a single citation must suffice, from a chapter devoted to the stimulants and narcotics of the Amazon Valley and the Orinoco. Some of these inebriants have been long known and well described, but the following account will strike many of our readers as quite new. The drink under consideration is made from a plant, banisteria caapi, a woody climber belonging to a family having over six hundred tropical species, and none in the temperate zones:

In November, 1852, I was present, by special invitation, at a *dabocuri*, or feast of gifts, held in a *mallóca,* or village house, called Urubú-coará (Turkey-buzzard's nest), above the first falls of the Uaupés . . . We reached the mallóca at nightfall, just as the *botútos*, or sacred trumpets, began to boom lugubriously within the margin of the forest skirting the wide space kept open and clear of weeds around the mallóca. At that sound, every female outside makes a rush into the house, before the botútos emerge on the open; for to merely see one of them would be to her a sentence of death. We found about 300 people assembled, and the dances at once commenced. . . . The cup-bearer—who must be a man, for no woman can touch or taste caapi—starts at a short run from the opposite end of the house, with a small calabash containing about a teacupful of caapi in each hand, muttering "Mo-mo-mo-mo-mo" as he runs, and gradually sinking down until at last his chin nearly touches his knees, when he reaches out one of his cups to the man who stands ready to receive it, and, when that is drunk off, then the other cup. In two minutes or less after drinking it, its effects begin to be apparent. The Indian turns deadly pale, trembles in every limb, and horror is in his aspect. Suddenly, contrary symptoms succeed; he bursts into a perspiration, and seems possessed with reckless fury, seizes whatever arms are at hand, . . . bow and arrows, or cutlass, and rushes to the doorway, where he inflicts violent blows on the ground or the doorposts, calling out all the while, "Thus would I do to mine enemy (naming him by his name), were this he!" In about ten minutes the excitement has passed off, and the Indian grows calm, but appears exhausted. Were he at home in his hut, he would sleep off the remaining fumes, but now he must shake off his drowsiness by renewing the dance. . . .

White men who have partaken of caapi in the proper way concur in the account of their sensations under its influence. They feel alternations of cold and heat, fear and boldness. The sight is disturbed, and visions pass rapidly before the eyes, wherein everything gorgeous and magnificent they have heard or read of seems combined; and presently the scene changes to things uncouth and horrible.

"Gardens, Past and Present," by K. L. Davidson, is imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. The absurdly thick soft paper on which this book is printed gives it a serious handicap in competition with garden works of similar size; but the illustrations on the paper required for half-tones are really good, and the text is above mediocrity. The little historical sketch of gardens and gardening is well done, especially the account of the new and important experimental garden at Wisley. It appears that G. T. Wilson, a hard-worked business man, had at Weybridge one of the pleasantest forms of avocation, namely, the care of a garden with a spacious orchard-house. His leisure was so scanty that he had to prune his trees by candle-light. After having succeeded well with fruits, Wilson turned his attention to the growing of lilies with such assiduity that he soon was nicknamed by his admirers "Lily Wilson." On retiring from active business, he purchased an estate of sixty acres, at Wisley, six miles or so from Weybridge, and here he began with characteristic vigor to found a wild garden. The soil was exactly what was needed, for even our capricious trailing-arbutus, or mayflower, could be made to "grow rampantly in the oak-wood." It is said that thousands of species and varieties of plants were speedily introduced, and all were made to feel at home. Wild plants and cultivated grew side by side, and this continued until the death of the founder, about twenty-five years after. Then the garden at Wisley began its new life. Instead of falling into unsympathetic hands, it became the property of Sir Thomas Hanbury, the owner of the celebrated garden at Mentone, and was soon conveyed by him to the Royal Horticultural Society, for experimental purposes. The author of this little treatise does not give minute directions in regard to the cultivation of plants, but offers rather a broad and often suggestive discussion.

The centenary of Darwin's birth is celebrated in Germany, together with the seventy-fifth birthday of Ernst Haeckel (February 16), by several publications reminding the student of the great English *Naturforscher.* Dr. Heinrich Schmidt of Jena has translated for Alfred Kröner (Leipzig) Darwin's well-known work under the title "Geschlechtliche Zuchtwahl." *Die Hilfe* (Berlin: Schöneberg) publishes under the editorship of Max Apel a series of papers dealing with Darwin and his time. To this series Wilhelm Bölsche contributes "Darwins Vorgänger"; Bruno Wille, "Wie die Natur zweckmässig bildet"; Eduard David, "Darwinismus und soziale Entwickelung"; Max Apel, "Darwinismus und Philosophie"; Rudolf Penzig, "Darwinismus und Ethik"; and Fr. Naumann, "Religion und Darwinismus." Still another publication, "Kosmos: Handweiser für Naturfreunde," contains, besides a *Gedenktafel* and portraits of Darwin, Cuvier, Lamarck, Nägele, Haeckel, Pauly, De Vries, and Weismann, essays by R. Francé on "Darwin der Forscher," by Dr. Kurt Floericke, "Darwin als Ornithologe"; Dr. H. Dekke, "Darwins Einfluss auf die medizinische Wissenschaft"; J. H. Fabre, "Wissenschaft und Charles Darwin"; and Wilhelm Bölsche, "Darwin als Reisender." There are also papers on "Darwins Vorläufer" and Darwin's personal life.

Dr. William Tillinghast Bull of New York, in his prime one of the most distinguished surgeons of America, died at Savannah February 22, in his sixtieth year. He was born in Newport, R. I., was graduated from Harvard College in 1869, and from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in this city in 1872. Later he studied abroad. At one time and another he was attached to various hospitals in New York and for many years he had been professor of the practice of surgery in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was a pioneer in some of the now common operations in abdominal surgery, such as that for appendicitis. He had also devoted much attention to cancer in its various forms.

Dr. Frederick Irving Knight, a specialist in diseases of the throat and chest, and for many years professor in the Harvard Medical School, has died in his sixty-eighth year. Besides his work in the Massachusetts General Hospital and in various societies, he contributed a number of papers to medical journals.

Drama.

There is no more interesting and fruitful literary topic than a comparison of the Greek and English dramas. And notwithstanding the excellent treatment of the question by Paul Stapfer and others, there is still much that may be said. One is naturally, therefore, well-disposed toward such a work as L. M. Watt's "Attic and Elizabethan Tragedy" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and would like to say of it all the good possible. But what can be done with an author who writes habitually in such a style as this?——

Thus, the hellish terribleness of the crime in "Macbeth" is made immeasurably more

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a red-hot burden upon us by the washing of the hands so late imbued in Duncan's blood, and by the soul-chilling, pulse-arresting knocking at the gate, than if we saw the dagger driven home into the sleeper's heart.

Whatever else may be done with such a book, at least it cannot be read. Probably Mr. Watt has at heart to reproduce the rhythm and rodomontade of Swinburne's prose, but he falls far short of the true dithyrambic fury.

A new one-act play by Arthur Schnitzler, the Austrian dramatist, "Komtesse Mizzi oder Das Familienfest, has had a successful initial performance in Vienna and is ready in book form (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). It relies for its humor mainly upon deftly complicated situations, but the language has the usual distinction of the author and the characters are convincingly drawn.

"This Woman and This Man," written by Avery Hopwood for Carlotta Nillson, and produced in the Maxine Elliott Theatre on Monday afternoon, is another of those pieces, of which we have had a good many lately, in which bald frankness of speech and extravagance in situation are offered as substitutes for a plausible story and genuine dramatic interest. Professing to deal seriously with one of the most difficult problems of sexual responsibility, it starts from inadmissible premises and proceeds through the grossest unlikelihood to flat absurdity. A young woman, betrayed and discarded brutally by an unscrupulous lover, compels him to marry her at the muzzle of a pistol and then promptly leaves him to his own resources. Half a dozen years afterward he discovers her living happily with her boy in the country, and, after a violent scene, demands the child, pleading his marital rights. When she refuses, with passionate vehemence, he carries off the boy by force, the mother following, and in the final act man and wife are domiciled together, but farther apart than ever. Then the husband, hitherto the personification of heartless selfishness, is suddenly transformed, by the subtle influence of the parental instinct, into a perfect pattern of self-denying conjugal affection, and the curtain falls upon the usual reconciliation. Nothing feebler, sillier, or more futile could easily be imagined. The inequality of the penalties exacted from the sexes in cases of this kind is an old and legitimate subject of dramatic treatment, and the point of law raised by Mr. Hopwood is ingeniously emphasized, but, as it stands, his story is as incredible as it is insignificant. With all its disagreeable and often minute realism in minor details—showing a useful faculty of observation—it rarely reflects life either in its personages or incidents, unless it is in its nursery episodes. In construction it is slovenly and inconsequent, and it contains much irrelevant padding.

On March 11 there will be a performance of Henry James's comedy, "Disengaged," in the Hudson Theatre of this city, for the benefit of the St. Andrew Convalescent Hospital. Miss Dorothy Donnelly will head the list of players. The experiment is one of considerable interest, for the piece has never been played in this country.

Music.

Joseph Haydn und Breitkopf & Härtel. Von Hermann von Hase. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.

Haydn. By John F. Runciman. London: George Bell & Sons.

Haydn's wife had so little appreciation of his genius that she tore up his manuscripts for curling papers. Is it a wonder that when Breitkopf & Härtel, in return for something Haydn had done for them, proposed to make her a present, he wrote in reply ?

I formally protest against that; I love my wife, she needs nothing, but she has done nothing that deserves a reward. I ask nothing, and do not like to put myself under obligations; but if you gentlemen are in the position to requite my insignificant services without inconvenience, I shall, to be sure, not hold off.

So the publishers gave him a diamond ring. This interesting incident is related in Hase's brochure, which gives a detailed account of the dealings of the famous music publishing concern with Haydn. The relations began as early as 1786, when C. G. Breitkopf paid the great composer a visit in Vienna, and they continued till Haydn's death, twenty-three years later. To the admonitions of these publishers the world owes most of the works of Haydn's last years; they sent him texts and suggestions. His last work was a quartet of which he could not complete the last movement, so he wrote in its place a simple melancholy canon, with the words: "Gone is all my strength! Old and weak am I." Among his last labors was the revision of some of his earlier works for a complete edition of all his compositions. But although the plan for this undertaking dates back to the eighteenth century it is only now being carried out systematically.

The centenary of the birth of Chopin and Mendelssohn is also the centenary of the death of Haydn. The best monument to that centenary is the complete edition of Haydn's works just referred to. As a minor contribution in his honor we may welcome the little volume by Mr. Runciman, which is worth more than the shilling it costs, for it is a lucid compendium of much interesting information about the composer who, born a peasant, became the friend of princes, and, while he remained a peasant intellectually, led music into entirely new paths.

The eminent Austrian conductor, Johann Herbeck, declared in 1857 that while the Bohemians were excellent musicians, they had never done anything worth while in the creative way. This remark was overheard by Friedrich Smetana, who forthwith made up his mind that he would remove that reproach from his native country. He had previously, encouraged by Chopin's fame in giving Polish dances an artistic standing in concert halls, endeavored to do the same for the Bohemian polka, but without success. With the exception of Liszt, who had a keen eye for budding genius, the professionals continued to ignore him, until 1866, when his opera, "Prodaná Nevesta" ("The Bartered Bride"), won for him national fame, which became international when the piece was produced during the Vienna Exposition of 1890. London heard it in 1895 and again in 1907; but New York, which is usually far ahead of London in its appreciation of operatic novelties, had to wait for its first performance till last Friday, when the piece was produced with great success at the Metropolitan Opera House under the supervision of Mr. Dippel, with Mr. Mahler as conductor and a strong cast, including Mmes. Destinn, Mattfeld, Wakefield, and L'Huillier, and Messrs. Jörn, Reiss, Didur, Blass, Mühlmann. In this opera Smetana succeeded in doing what he failed to achieve with his piano pieces: he made the world acquainted with the polka, the *furiant*, and other Bohemian rhythms in an artistic setting. This national coloring, emphasizing a village love story, had much to do with securing a vogue for the opera; but the coloring alone would not have availed had not Smetana shown also a genuine dramatic vein. The fact that his opera has a happy ending differentiates it from most productions of more recent date. The dances introduced at the Metropolitan are genuine Bohemian village dances, and as the two principal artists concerned in the production—Destinn and Mahler—come, like the dancers engaged, from Bohemia, the performance took the audience into the very heart of that land.

The performance of Paderewski's new symphony at Carnegie Hall last Thursday and Saturday by the Boston Symphony Orchestra did not prove so interesting an event as had been expected. Heretofore this eminent pianist's compositions have had one important feature which has distinguished them favorably from most modern productions: they have been built on themes which were strikingly original, individual, and at the same time unmistakably Polish; this is true of his songs and his short piano pieces as well as of the sonata and the elaborate set of variations which he played here last year. The symphony not only lacks this thematic individuality, but it has little Polish color, although it is intended to commemorate the unsuccessful revolution of 1863-4. One gets the impression that Paderewski had to suppress his originality in order to adapt his themes to the exigencies of the symphonic form. That he has shown a thorough mastery of that form is not sufficient compensation for the lack of those fascinating melodies which he had previously given the world. That there are many interesting pages nevertheless, it is needless to say; and the reception of the work, which was brilliantly played under Mr. Fiedler, was enthusiastic.

Report comes of the death of Mlle. Clothilde Kleeberg, the pianist, who was born in Paris in 1866 and made her début at the age of twelve. She was very successful in her appearances at Berlin and in the Philharmonic Concerts at Vienna. She was probably at her best in Bach and Schumann and the works of the old French

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clavicinistes. She married, in 1894, the sculptor Charles Samuel.

Art.

THE CASE OF THE ART SCHOOL.

In a recent *Craftsman*, the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum condemned vehemently the present methods of teaching art. A certain impetuosity in his argument tends to conceal the weight of an opinion that seems to us essentially sound. Mr. Borglum ridicules an education that does not teach the elements of the matter in hand. On theory, a sculptor or a mural painter should as naturally turn to the graduated student of art as does a civil or mining engineer to the graduate of a scientific school. But this is the last thing the artist does. Practically, a sculptor finds the accredited art student ignorant of casting and marble cutting, and unable to set the supports for a large work. In short, the neophyte is prematurely in the position of the master sculptor who expects chiefly to model, leaving the reproduction of his work in bronze or marble to the trained artisan. In painting, the same condition holds. The "finished" art student could not be trusted to convert a sketch into a working cartoon, to design a decorative border, hardly to "dead color" a tracing on the wall. Both sculptors and painters preferably choose their helpers from the artisan class—the class from which in the past most of the great artists themselves were drawn.

But, it might be urged, these beginners have been trained in the central branch of the art, drawing or modelling the figure. It is assumed that they will learn readily enough the lesser matters. Just so a college graduate enters business ignorant of bookkeeping, but he picks it up at need in a fortnight or so. Whoever takes such a view simply underestimates the difficulty of mastering a handicraft. But we have an easier way of testing the efficiency of modern art education. Let us ask merely how many former students of our best schools are earning their living by the practice of their art. An insignificant fraction. The rest have given up, have become teachers, or have engaged in some form of industrial art, after taking the longest and least practical road to that end. And if it should be said that the percentage of failure is large in all professions, we have only to consider what would be thought of a school of law or medicine that turned out only a small percentage of successful practitioners. Let us concede that a large contingent of students is made up of young women working off a restlessness that subsides with marriage, of dilettanti of both sexes who can well afford the waste of time and money. But eliminating them, how few great modern painters have openly expressed the slightest gratitude or privately will admit the slightest respect for the system under which they were taught? Again, how many of our best artists are virtually self-trained, some saving instinct having kept them aloof from the scholastic treadmill?

The causes of such an anomaly can only be hinted at here. The schools thrive mainly because of the false glamour with which since the advent of romanticism the artistic life has been invested. They fail to achieve good results chiefly because that fine growth we call art cannot be rooted in herding young people together under rare and perfunctory criticism. Virtually, the art student learns not from a master, but from the handful of cleverer students in his class. Held chiefly to a stupid routine of drawing the human body by a sort of mensuration, he has no time or inclination to saturate himself with the great art of the past. Thus the entire process is infected with a cheap contemporaneousness. The prescribed task of doing large academy studies was never invented until the decline of Italian painting. The great masters of the figure followed the method of swift and frequent sketching. They studied the body not as an inert and bulging mass, but in its multiform actions and fugitive graces.

Something might be done by reforming the methods of the art schools, but the evil, we think, lies deeper. We are afflicted by a misleading analogy between training in art and in the learned professions. All history teaches that the road to art is through fine handicraft. The real fellow to the sculptor is not the young lawyer or physician, but the 'prentice stonecutter. Sham notions of gentility have sapped the vitality of art. Unreasoning democracy has made easy of access what should be hard. Until fairly recent times, the only way to learn the practice of an art was to bind one's self for a long period to be the helper of some artist. One had to be serious enough to subject one's self voluntarily to many years of practical servitude. But consider the advantages that such a servant enjoyed! In his early twenties, a precocious student had acquired competence in his art and was ready to become a paid assistant or a partner—honorable positions, in which, according to his ability, he might spend a few years or a lifetime. His work always had its value; his genius might bring him fame and wealth before his beard was grown.

What is the use of citing bygones that we cannot hope to revive? The use is to gain a sound theory of the education of the artist, upon which we may hope to erect an effective practice. And the lesson of all the past is clearly that fine craftsmanship underlies all art. In the shop or studio, even in the school, we may hope to make competent craftsmen in painting, sculpture, modelling, metal work, and decorative design—in all the fundamentals of the fine arts. But to do this, we must give over the delusion that we can in any sense make artists. If we produce artisans of skill and taste in numbers, the ablest of them will become artists as surely as the finer goldsmiths of the renaissance grew into great painters and sculptors. Meanwhile the rank and file will find pleasurable and gainful employment, and the public will benefit in the improvement of all the minor arts and of manufactures generally. This, we think, is the aim of a rational education in art. Train the craftsman and the artist will take care of himself, and all the better because of the elimination of those without creative vocation.

One cannot, of course, summarily convert the art schools into those of manual training. The main thing for the present is to fix our ideal, to acquire a sense of aims and limitations, to admit the varied discipline and experience that must precede artistic proficiency of any sort. Some day, such an ideal will be wanted as a working principle. And that day may be nearer than one would think, for even the docile frequenters of the art schools are beginning to perceive how much of this so-called training is based on vicious doctrine or sheer pretence.

Though it is a good piece of writing one cannot say that Octave Uzanne's introduction to "The Drawings of Watteau," in the Newnes Series (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons), gives much enlightenment as to the quality of the art discussed. But the drawings are the thing, and they are as wonderful and delightful as ever.

Two books on Scotch painters have recently appeared: "Scottish Painting, Past and Present," by James L. Caw (Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack), and "John Pettie," by Martin Hardie (London: A. & C. Black). Both are somewhat elaborately illustrated, the latter in colors. An inspection of the former volume conveys the impression that while it deals with some works and some artists of real distinction, it is over-weighted with mediocrities. From the publisher's point of view the reason of the second volume was undoubtedly the opportunity for brilliantly colored plates. Pettie was a clever painter, but not a great one, and hardly needed a biography. He was, however, an apostle of "the great British subject," and his coloring was powerful, if not very subtle, and for these reasons the book should readily find a public.

Hugo Prinz's "Funde aus Naukratis: Beiträge zur Archæologie und Wirtschaftsgeschichte des VII und VI Jahrhunderts vor Christi Geburt" (Leipzig: Dieterich) offers more than its title promises. While it fully discusses the economic conditions of this Greek colony in Egypt, a discussion based largely on recent archæological discoveries, the body of the book is devoted to a systematic account of Greek ceramics

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during the seventh and sixth centuries before Christ. The materials, secured largely from Miletos, Clazomene, Samos, and Lesbos, consist chiefly of vases and the like.

Under the direction of Dr. Arvanitopoulos explorations have been continued on the site of the ancient city of Pagasæ, in northern Greece, with marked success. Five more towers have been discovered, which date from about 50 B. C., and for the construction of which an adjacent cemetery was used for a quarry. More painted grave *stelæ* have thus come to light, which promise to be as interesting as those discovered the previous year. Besides the towers, the excavators discovered the remains of a large *stoa*, about 170 feet long, dating probably from the fourth or third century B. C. The walls of this building were lined with a thin layer of fine plaster, which appears to have been covered with pictures. Near the *stoa* were found the foundations of a temple, about 15x10 yards. The neighboring area was apparently the *agora* of the city. The extent and thickness of the city walls show that Pagasæ was a town of considerable importance. From the inscriptions on the gravestones we learn that it contained inhabitants from all parts of the world. It is, therefore, probable that Pagasæ was once an important seaport of northeastern Greece. The finds of Pagasæ, as well as the prehistoric antiquities recently discovered throughout Thessaly, will all be placed in a museum at Volo. The building is already in course of construction, and is to be completed by next May.

Excavations on the Mons Janiculum in Rome have led to the interesting discovery of an ancient courtyard with a sanctuary formed by a cell, having an altar in the centre. An inscription commemorates the victories of the Emperors Antoninus and Commodus, and thus supplies us with a date. There were also found a small statue of Jupiter, a fragmentary statue of Bacchus, an Egyptian statue, and three skeletons, placed in line in front of the cell. In the middle of the courtyard a small well came to light, at the bottom of which lay a small bronze statue representing Kronos with a serpent. All these objects are in a good state of preservation.

Steady progress was made in 1908 by the French government service of Historic Monuments of Algiers in the work of excavation and conservation. The remains are chiefly Roman of the first centuries of the Christian era; but certain gaps have also been filled up in the history of Mussulman architecture. At Announa the streets of ancient Thibilis have been laid bare for more than 7,000 square metres. The disposition of the civil basilica; inscriptions dedicated to Faustina recalling by name the town physicians; the house of an important personage—*magister pagi*—and three linear measures engraved on stone in the house of the ædile are of interest. At M'daourouch an inscription has been found mingling curiously the pagan *diis manibus sacrum* and the Christian *in pace fidelis* on the sepulchral stone of one of Punic name. At Guelma the Roman amphitheatre was sufficiently repaired for the representation of four classical plays in May by actors of the Paris state theatres. Roman waterworks, with conduits several kilometres long and reservoirs almost complete and ready to be utilized by the modern towns, have been discovered at Chemora and Sétif (Sitifis of the Byzantines). At Kalaa particularly interesting Mussulman remains have been disclosed by Gen. de Beylié, known from his excavations in Mesopotamia and Birmania. This city, founded A. D. 1007, was the Berber capital of Central Magreb (present Algiers). Arab authors describe the splendor of its schools and palaces. It was destroyed by the Almohads of Morocco in 1152; and the remains which have been discovered belong undoubtedly to the second half of the preceding century—the period of Mussulman art which is least known. The triple palace of the emirs (for official receptions, for the emir, and for his harem) was 300 metres long by 170 deep. The wall ornamentation in blue and white faïence, stalactites, sculptured and painted plaster (red, blue, white, and gilt), incrusted marbles, and glass, are three hundred years earlier than the Alhambra. They show that Berber art, which is simply a branch of Mussulman, had an Asiatic and Persian origin, and was not derived from the art of the Moors in Spain, as is often said. The immense Roman camp of Lamboesis is being excavated; even the havoc wrought by the notorious French prison of Lambèse does not destroy the value of so unique a site. Among museum objects found are fifty small silver coins dating from Nero to Antoninus Pius. The great work done at Timgad, where the French authorities are making a veritable African Pompeii, is too extensive to be more than noted here. New streets; an eastern gate, with an inscription where Marcus Aurelius seems to be styled "Armeniacus"; new houses, the Christian monastery and baptistery; mosaics, inscriptions, and museum objects divide up the year's acquisitions. The disposition of the ancient shops presents considerable interest; also the cells and galleries of the Byzantine monks who, contrary to accepted ideas, had a small but complete hot and cold bath establishment. The baths were conveniently close to the baptistery, with its great basin, which was scarcely deep enough for total immersion, but to which steps led down; the sides were ornamented with marbles and paintings of symbolic design, which are to be kept in place.

Great special erudition, which did not "feed its man," has come to a tragic ending in the Paris courts. In 1908 the director of the Belgium Museum, Jean Capart, an eminent Egyptologist, announced the acquisition of stone scarabs from Bubastis, with hieroglyphic inscriptions relating the *periplus* of a Phœnician navigator under Nechao. They were forgeries made in Paris by the learned son of the late Egyptologist Bouriant; his mother managed the sale. The son has been condemned to two years, the mother to eight months of prison. M. Capart receives back, if he can collect it, his 15,000 francs.

Among the exhibitions at the dealers' galleries in this city are water colors by John S. Sargent and Edwin Darley Boit, at Knoedler's, till February 27; pictures by Alexander Schilling, Montross's, February 27; illustrations and drawings by J. H. Gardiner Soper, Powell's, February 27; portraits, Charles Frederick Naegele, Bauer-Folsom's, March 3; paintings by Arthur B. Davies, Macbeth's, March 4; water colors by Dutch masters, Klackner's, March 15.

William Appleton Potter, younger brother of the late Bishop Potter, died at Rome, February 19. He was in his sixty-seventh year. After leaving college Mr. Potter studied for some years at the Beaux-Arts in Paris. He held a high international position as an architect, and drew the plans for many important edifices in this country. His works included St. Agnes's Chapel, the original building of the Teachers College, and the main building of the Union Theological Seminary in this city. He also designed the library and chapel of Princeton University. In 1874 he was appointed supervising architect of the Treasury at Washington. Owing to ill-health, he was compelled to go abroad seven years ago and take up his residence in Rome.

Charles Conder, the British artist, has died at the age of forty-one. He had studied in Paris and was an associate of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, and *sociétaire* of the Société Nouvelle, as well as a member of the New English Art Club. Besides his larger work as painter of landscapes, he was known for his exquisite decoration of fans.

Finance.

THE CUT IN STEEL PRICES.

During many weeks, it has been evident that the steel trade had come virtually to a standstill. Under the insistent lead of the United States Steel Corporation prices were held, throughout the last half of 1908, nearly up to the high level of the "boom times" of 1906, and actually above that of such very prosperous periods as 1905 and 1901. As the effect of this policy on demand for the product in hard times grew more and more manifest, the so-called "independents" began to cut prices secretly; the natural result was that they got the lion's share of the business. This fact forced the hand of the great corporation; last week it announced its purpose of openly meeting all such cuts. The price of steel has since then fallen, in the tentative efforts to fix a market, all the way from $3 to $10 a ton; the Stock Exchange price of shares in the steel-producing companies, which were raised to extravagant heights in the excited speculation of

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last November, have fallen 10 per cent. or more within a week, and the rest of the speculative market has come down with them.

No one likes the violent slashing of values which has accompanied old-time "price wars" in periods of trade reaction. While such things were done, even the man whose business made him a purchaser of steel found his trade disorganized; because, though he himself might buy steel at an inviting price today, he had no assurance that his competitor might not buy it to-morrow on still better terms, and undersell him on the finished goods. Such collapses as the fall in steel rail prices from $120 per ton in 1873 to $68 in 1875, and in steel billets from $22 in 1893 to $15 in 1895, were a gravely disturbing influence. Judge Gary in his statement announcing the "open market" last Friday, was quite within the facts when he said that such a cut immediately after the panic of 1907 would probably have meant bankruptcy to many an unlucky merchant. But to say that one or two corporations dominant in steel manufacture should exert their influence to prevent complete demoralization of prices is one thing, and to say that such corporations shall stand out against any concession whatever to the reduced purchasing power of hard times is another and a very different thing. In publicly assuming this attitude a year ago, the Steel Corporation took an unreasonable and, in the long run, an impossible position.

If high or low prices mean anything, they mean that the producer's charge is adjusted to the prevalent conditions of trade—the capacity and needs of the consumer and the margin of profit between the manufacturer's raw material and his finished goods. High prices ordinarily mean that consumers' needs are urgent, their capacity to buy unusually great, and the cost of raw material and manufacture rising. All these conditions existed in 1906; not one of them existed in 1908 or exists in 1909. Last year consumers of steel, in the face of a volume of trade more than cut in two, were in no urgent need; the narrowed market for their own products had impaired their capacity to buy, and the open market price of iron, the raw material of the steel trade, had fallen no less than 30 per cent. within a year. Under such circumstances, the announcement last April of the policy of standing out for the very prices asked in the days of high prosperity and unlimited demand was, to say the least, an economic paradox. It justified the question, if no concessions were to be allowed under such conditions, when would they ever be allowed?

The textile manufacturers, as has been more than once noted in this column, faced the situation in a very different way. They, too, were confronted with merchants loaded up with goods bought at the high prices of the "boom times"; yet, as soon as the real conditions of 1908 were visible, the mills at once reduced wages and production, and cut prices all the way from 25 to 50 per cent. The result we see in the present condition of the dry goods trade, which, almost alone among our standard industries, is moving now on lines of normal activity. Probably, then, it will not be long before the steel trade, too, has passed through its inevitable ordeal of price readjustment, and is on the way to real recovery.

"Die Finanzen der Grossmächte," by Friedrich Zahn (Berlin: Heymann), treats of the finances of Germany, Austro-Hungary, Italy, France, Russia, Great Britain, the United States, and Japan. The work includes reports on the income, expenditure, and indebtedness of these states. The compiler calls his work "Eine internationale finanzstatische Untersuchung."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, Edward L. Napoleon and America. Mitchell Kennerley. $2.
Balzac, Honoré de. Le Médecin de Campagne. Edited by de V. Payen-Payne. Putnam. 75 cents.
Bartlett, Frederick Orin. The Web of the Golden Spider. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.50.
Bashford, H. H. The Pilgrim's March. Henry Holt. $1.50.
Dixon, Clarissa. Janet and Her Dear Phebe. Frederick A. Stokes.
Dudley, Gertrude, and Kellor, Frances A. Athletic Games in the Education of Women. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.
Finch, Francis M. The Blue and the Gray and Other Verses. Henry Holt. $1.30 net.
Frénilly, Baron de. Recollections. Edited by Arthur Chuquet. Translated by Frederic Lees. Putnam. $3 net.
Frost, Thomas Gold. A Treatise on Guaranty Insurance and Compensated Suretyship. Boston: Little, Brown. $6 net.
Gibbon, Frederick P. The Lawrences of the Punjab. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gli Italiani negli Stati Uniti d'America. Italian American Directory Co.
Harper, J. M. Champlain: A Drama in Three Acts. John Lane.
Hill, Headon. Unmasked at Last. R. F. Fenno & Co.
Johnson, Emory R. American Railway Transportation. Appleton.
Lea, J. Henry, and Hutchinson, J. R. The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. Houghton Mifflin. $10.
Le Rossignol, James Edward. Little Stories of Quebec. Eaton & Mains. $1.25 net.
Lincoln Tribute Book, Together with a Lincoln Centenary Medal by Roiné. Edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans. Putnam. $1.75 net.
Lorenzini, Carlo. The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio. Edited by Mary E. Burt. Doubleday, Page. 90 cents.
Mitchell, John K. Self Help for Nervous Women. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1 net.
New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge. Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls. $5.
Niven, Frederick. The Lost Cabin Mine. John Lane. $1.50.
Poe, Edgar Allan. Last Letters to Sarah Helen Whitman. Edited by James A. Harrison. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Rice, Edward I. Old Jim Case of South Hollow. Doubleday, Page.
Seaman, Owen. Salvage. Henry Holt. $1.25 net.
Steel, Flora Annie. A Prince of Dreamers. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.
Steinmetz, Charles Proteus. General Lectures on Electrical Engineering. Edited by Joseph Le Roy Hayden. Schenectady: Robson & Adee. $2.
Sterling, George. A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.25 net.
Sternberg, Charles H. The Life of a Fossil Hunter. Henry Holt. $1.60 net.
Stone, John C., and Millis, James F. A Secondary Arithmetic, Commercial and Industrial. Benjamin H. Sanborn & Co.
Van Dyne, Frederick. Our Foreign Service: The "A B C" of American Diplomacy. Rochester: Lawyers' Coöperative Publishing Co.
Whiteing, Richard. Little People. Cassell & Co.
Williams, Leonard. The Vest-Pocket Guide to Paris. London: Grant Richards.
Woolwine, Thomas Lee. In the Valley of the Shadows. Doubleday, Page. $1.

The first review of H. H. Bashford's THE PILGRIM'S MARCH is from the Washington (D. C.) *Star*. It says: "Somewhat of the temperament of Miss Sinclair's 'The Divine Fire.' . . . Reaches a powerful climax with intensely dramatic effect. One of those unusual novels which gather force as they advance. Will be one of the notable books of the season."

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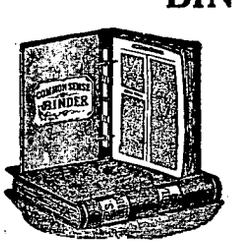

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